Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF GENERAL INTEREST.

No. 197. SATURDAY, AUGUST 10TH, 1912. (Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.) ONE PENNY.

WINSTON AND HIS 'SCOPE.

READERS' SALE and EXCHANGE.

All advertisements are subject to the revision of the Sales Editor, and the right is reserved of refusing to accept an advertisement without assigning a reason.

In replying to an advertisement with a box number, put your reply in a stamped envelope and write the box number on the top left-hand corner. Enclose this envelope in another, addressed to the Sales Editor, who will at once fill in the advertiser's address and forward it to him. If no reply is received, you must assume that the article has been already sold.

In no case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without due caution. It is advisable to send money by a post-dated Order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, or if the bargain is not completed.

There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a Postal Order reckoned at a penny a word, made payable to the Sales Editor, and crossed " & Co.," with a minimum of 1s. for any single advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, MODERN MAN, 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

DRESS.

Shoddy Clothes are bad value, wear the best; it need not cost you more; write or call on W. W. Hedgecoe and Co., Stylish Suits from 35s.—Private Tailors, West End Cutting Experts, 147, Holborn Bars, E.C. (2 doors from Gray's Inn Road).

Coat-hanger and trousers-stretcher combined; a bargain, 1s. 6d., post free.—Box 3979, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

For particulars of the new "Modern Man" badge, see page 1231.

Gentleman's blue serge lounge suit, black morning coat, new, 5ft. 5in., chest 36in., 17s. 6d., 7s. 6d.—Box 9251, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Superior pair white worsted cord riding breeches, medium size, cost £2 15s., brand new, sacrifice 17s. 6d.—Box 9252, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Strong black serge suit, flap trousers, waist 46in., chest 50, inside leg 27in., £1; superior blue serge, waist 36in., inside leg 34in., arm 19in., 25s.—Box 9253, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

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Three gent.'s white shirts, size 15½, 4-fold, cost 6s. 6d. each; bargain 8s. the lot.—Box 9255, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

The McKinley "Mac.," 16s. 6d., carriage paid. The ideal waterproof for Summer wear. Made from light-weight fawn waterproof coating in the fashionable Raglan style, and guaranteed. Wonderful value. Ready for service in all sizes and lengths. Send height and chest measure (over jacket) with remittance. Money returned in full if not approved.—C. and G. McKinley, Tailoring Dept., 7, Gresham Street, London. E.C.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Thousands of small punters daily indulge in turf speculation, but how many can claim to have won consistently; you must have reliable information to do so. That information I supply; I do not profess to be infallible, but I can promise you a handsome profit each week; I give you proof, indisputable proof; send at once for free trial (no charge whatever) to Bernard, 19, Clifden Rd., Clapton, London.

Tennis racquet, Premier, 14oz., new, straight; bargain, cost 17s. with press, sell 10s.—Tennis, 108, Gidlow Lane, Wigan.

MEDICAL, &c.

Blood purifier. Keep you in perfect health; one of the finest known recipes on the market. Recipe with full particulars, post free, 1s. 1d.—Box 4630, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

A wonderful hair restorer; absolutely darken grey hair; tried with marvellous results. Recipe post free, 1s. 1d.—Box 9234, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Your Teeth as White as Snow. The best powder in the world. Recipe for P.O. 1s.—Box 4161, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Absolute Genuine Moustache Grower, known to grow a moustache in a few weeks. Advertiser will be pleased to send recipe and full particulars to all sending P.O., value 1s. 1d.—Box 8029, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Certain Cure for Falling Hair and Dandruff: recipe P.O. 1s.—Box 4160, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Marvellous hair grower, restores grey hair to its natural colour; absolutely genuine, results certain; recipe, post free, 1s. 1d.—Box No. 9172. "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

EDUCATIONAL.

Handwriting easily learned by post, in twelve lessons; send stamped addressed envelope for prospertus.—Handwriting Specialist, Avondale Villa, 108, Gidlow Lane, Wigan.

Volumes of "Answers" and "Tit-Bits" wanted about 10 to 12 years old.—Write in first case Box No. 9100, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

"How to Make a Speech."—Learn the art of public speaking and become a leader of men. Develop your mental power and personality. Our interesting pamphlet gives valuable information. Sent gratis and post free.—London Institute, Holborn Hall, London, W.C.

Clerks: Send postcard to-day for free interesting booklet on the famous "New Rapid" course of practical book keeping. Study becomes a pleasure. Sent free.—Book-keeping, Holborn Hall College, London, W.C.

PHYSICAL CULTURE.

For increasing the height see Arthur Girvan's advt., page 1226.

Strong Will Power, and how to obtain it. See The St. Settef Institute announcement on page 1226.

SITUATIONS VACANT AND WANTED.

Sloan-Duployan "New Rapid" high-speed Shorthand saves a year's study. Learned in twelve easy lessons. Eighty words per minute in four weeks. Used by fastest official Parliamentary Reporters daily. Holds the world's speed record. Simple, rapid, legible, practical. New illustrated handbook, with testimonials and specimen lesson, gratis and post free.—Shorthand Association, Holborn Hall, London, W.C. Telephone 6111 Holborn.

For High-grade Positions see Hapgood's advertisement, page 1228.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Fountain Pen for 7d., post free. Our latest invention, the "Swift" Fountain Pen, is an absolutely world's wonder; always ready for use; best finish.—Send P.O. or stamps 7d. today to Box 4597, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

A bargain, coat-hanger, with trouser-stretcher, new, post free P.O. 1s. 8d., or two for 2s. 9d., carriage paid.—Box 4595, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Silver-mounted stick, new, cost 16s.; accept 6s.; bargain.—Box 9250, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

"The Modern Man" pocket knife, a treasure, two fine steel blades, in fine English oxydised steel handles, best make, post free 1s. 1½d.; money returned in full if not satisfied.—Box 4596, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Camera, ½-plate, The Challenge, by Adams, with excellent Beck's R.R. lens, 3 double slides, focussing cloth, in brown waterproof case, cost £12, selling for £7.—Box 9266, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

For sale, man's saddle, plated stirrups, girth, 2 watering bridles, 25s. lot.—Box 9267, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Pair of prismatic binoculars, in case, as new, very clear and powerful, 8x, 55s.; cost 84s.—Box 9268, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Telescope, with 3 achromatic object glass, 4ft. focus, on garden stand, with erecting eyepiece; what offers.—Box 9269, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Cut here.....

PEN COUPON.

Twelve of these Coupons and a Postal Order for 1s. buys one of MODERN MAN 10s. 6d. Fountain Pens, with 14-carat solid gold nib. For particulars see page 1229.

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OTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.—The Editor is at all times ready to consider good topical articles and short stories (not to exceed 1,500 words), which must be legibly written or typed, on one side of the paper only, and must be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope for return in case of rejection. The Editor does not hold himself responsible for the accidental loss of any contribution submitted on approval. Contributions will be paid for on publication, at our usual rates.

PLAIN SPEAKING.

We shall be pleased to receive from readers in any part the country information regarding local affairs or newsper cuttings on matters of topical interest, suitable to al with under this heading.
With newspaper cuttings the title heading of the paper ust be enclosed, and where written matter is sent it must accompanied by proof that it is authentic.
To the reader whose cutting is made use of a MODERN MAN *ountain Pen will be sent.*

ell in Peru.

There is a lot of talk. It is high time something was done. n America, where the Monroe doctrine comes from, and England, where the bloodstained rubber is brought, and here the blood-stained rubber company is registered, rests e responsibility of immediate concerted action. Hell has iled over in one of the fairest regions of the earth. Clear t the devils from the earthly paradise they have violated. diplomatists can do the job, so much the better; if not, here are others."

* * *

uch Out of Nothing.

A little boy at Clapton has dreamed a dream—just the mmon or bedroom kind of dream that all little boys dream. s there is nothing of any importance or interest going on the world, the *Daily Mirror* has interviewed the little y of Clapton, "with his mother by his side," and given his puddingy vision the dignity of a triple-headed special."

The nine-year-old dreamer, "with his mother by his side" their address is given in full—stirred the finest feelings the interviewer's fallen human nature by describing how went to Canada in his sleep and in a ship—(people generly do go to Canada in a ship)—and there met his uncle, and me wolves, and some mixed sweets, and a hut—"and he asn't very frightened."

To cap the silliness of the whole silly thing, quite a pretty hotograph is presented of "Master Charles Pretty." The *Daily Mirror*, in boring the public with piffle it has done othing to deserve, has gone the surest way to work to poil the child—"with his mother by his side."

* * *

agisterial Jesting.

It seems monstrously absurd that the law should prescribe maximum penalty of no less than £40,000 for the crime of mitting the name and address of the printer from a paper dvertising a Continental State Lottery.

Nevertheless, Alfred Ernest Hutchinson, of Sutton Coldeld, an offender of the kind indicated, was solemnly assured n court the other day that he had rendered himself liable to hat extent; and then—just in time to save the poor fellow's eason, perhaps—he was told he would be let off with a fine only £3.

Such a descent is akin to that from the sublime to the ridiculous, and represents a form of magisterial jesting which jars upon our normal conception of the dignity of the bench. Verily, the age would appear to be one of ever growing levity.

* * *

An Archbishop and Rates.

Archbishops are not as other men. His Grace of the Northern Province most certainly is not. He actually gave it out the other day at the Sanitary Institute Congress at York, that he delights in paying rates, and that we ought not to consider how high they are, but what service to the community and the individual they procure.

It's easy enough for a man with an income of ten thousand a year to talk like that. The Northumbrian Primate would give expression to very different sentiments, however, if rising rates synchronised, in his case, with a decreasing salary subject to the new taxation a paternal Government has imposed upon so many of us.

And, should he happen to be out of employment, what would he say if, having managed to settle a quarter's rates, with the exception of two or three shillings, he found himself compelled to beg, borrow, or steal, in order to make good that paltry deficiency, plus another florin for the distress warrant served upon him, or suffer his goods to be confiscated?

How is it the eminents can't refrain from talking blatant nonsense?

* * *

Facts and a Question.

Thomas Richard Page, having known Miss Mary Terry all his life, wrote to that young lady trying to get £3 out of her, falsely alleging that her father had been found guilty of an offence, and that the money was wanted to pay his fine. He coloured up this concoction by writing in the name of a well-known court missionary.

Miss Terry, discovering the identity of her correspondent only on his arrest, refused to prosecute, whereon the case was magisterially referred to the Director of Public Prosecutions. This functionary, while referring to the "heartless character" of the attempted fraud, "did not desire or propose to take any further action," so Mr. Denman, the magistrate, had to let the prisoner go.

Mr. Freke Palmer must have been hard up for something to say in his defence when he urged that he had been secretary to numerous funds at the place of worship he attended and hadn't prigged any, and that he hadn't been feeling well lately.

The Public Prosecutor is under the obligations imposed by his position—and his salary. What was there in this case to justify his backboneless refusal "to take further action"?

* * *

Suffragettes and Oysters.

Does M. Danton wish to confirm the suffragette in the overweening estimate she has of herself and her hooligan methods, or is he simply a thoughtless scientist? Why, oh, why has he published to the world the results of his investigations in the domain of bivalvular molluscs?

The male oyster, he declares, is feebler and less stable than the female—inferior, indeed, in every way. The same oyster, it appears, can change from a female into a male, or *vice versa*, through an intermediate hermaphroditic state. If the food supply be good, male oysters become female; if it deteriorate, females *degenerate* into males!

After that irrefutable evidence of feminine superiority there'll be no keeping the suffragettes within bounds at all. You've done a pretty fine thing for harassed male humanity, M. Danton!

* * *

Ships, More Ships.

The speech of the First Lord of the Admiralty in introducing the supplementary Naval estimates was pregnant—with ships. The speech seems to have been calmly received in Germany. Such calm may be hopeful or ominous. Says the *Norddeutsche*, in an article the entirely friendly tone of which *Modern Man* is glad to acknowledge and reciprocate: "The more friendly relations desired by us are not to be influenced by any utterances . . . during the discussion of naval estimates."

That is to say, we must be judged not by our words but by our ships. So be it—for it must be so. Just so long as Germany speaks in ships we shall and must reply in ships—more ships; ships that speak for themselves. The story of our Empire is told in the language of the ships that have made it.

Whatever view we may take of the National Health Insurance Act, its friends and foes alike hold but one opinion of the employer who knocks sixpence or a shilling off his workman's wages to recoup himself for his own share of the tax, and then deducts fourpence from the reduced stipend to cover the employee's contribution. He won't be half "guyed" when the Fifth of November is here!

* * *

Common Sense and Eugenics.

There is a riot of words and theories in the air about Eugenics. Talk, preach, argue and "prove" as much as you like, bring into line with the principles of the influence of heredity and environment as many facts and figures as you can—the truth remains that every baby "born into this world alive" is a surprise packet. Underneath every known factor in the whole subject of human pro-creation are factors that elude analysis but demonstrate their existence, because of which Eugenics is not, and cannot be, an exact science.

But that is no reason why its warnings should not be taken to heart, why its teachings should not be practised. What *Modern Man* would drive home is that the lessons of Eugenics are of individual application. To every man and every woman, being entrants for the matrimonial stakes, the whole thing is a personal matter of common sense and conscience, in the light of the eternal truth that in specific instances self-gratification is a sin, in that it is a menace to the community.

The question involved is all the more exigent in its individual application, because of the futility of legislative measures short of such measures as are only properly enforcible in extreme cases. Outside of such measures in such cases, any consideration of legal intervention simply means this: "Are 'undesirables' to breed in wedlock or out of it?"

* * *

Sterilisation of the Unfit.

The duty—we say duty deliberately instead of permissibility—of sterilising the hopelessly unfit by means of a physical operation is only thinkable in certain clearly defined cases. Objections are urged by some and felt by more on "moral" or religious grounds. Let objectors be confronted with a concrete instance.

An insane man and an insane woman, or a man and a woman physically corrupt, are in a position to progagate insane or corrupt children. To allow them to do so would be a crime. Admitted. Say they are within the same four walls, and trying to get at each other. To lock each in a room apart from the other is a compulsory preventive, comparative certainty—and comparative only, for lust laughs at locksmiths more defiantly than love. Let the surgeon perform his office, and you have an absolute preventive. The same object is achieved by different means, whether the means be segregation or operation. There is no room between the two for the "moral" objection. The end does justify the means, and no level-headed lover of his kind will assert to the contrary.

* * *

Unnecessary Fuss.

The *Daily Mail* has been making a great deal of unnecessary fuss about the aged entomologist, Henri Fabre. The interesting old gentleman has doubtless produced much valuable literature on insects, but English readers are not familiar with it, and therefore can hardly be expected to go into ecstasies, either of admiration or of sympathy, over its distinguished author.

Besides, M. Fabre is not the pathetic figure the great organ of Carmelite House has tried to paint him. He is *not* dying of hunger and neglect, and has himself indignantly repudiated the contrary fiction to which the *Daily Mail* has given such wide currency.

Our contemporary, it is evident, means to live up to its reputation for discovering mares' nests.

* * *

Celluloid Dangers.

In view of the disastrous fires that have been caused by the accidential ignition of celluloid, including the one at Messrs. Angus Thomas and Co.'s, it is extraordinary that the manager, when under examination by the coroner, should have said he did not admit that celluloid was dangerous; particularly so when the chief inspector of explosives to the Home Office had only just declared it to be highly inflammable.

It is so deadly dangerous that the manufacture of a into the composition of which it enters, ought invaria be conducted on the ground floor, even if not in is structures as well.

Was it essential for the authorities to wait till the tragedy took place before rubbing the sleep out of eyes? Anyhow, it is to be hoped they will bestir selves at last, and take measures to reduce to a min the possibility of the recurrence of such disasters.

* * *

In Favour of the Lash.

The new Act for the suppression of the hideous Slave Traffic proposes to provide for the infliction punishment of the lash in certain exceptionally abom cases in a class of crime wherein all cases are abomi Jelly-fish sentimentalists have already begun to whin howl a remonstrance. The metaphor may be a little but that doesn't matter—if jelly-fish don't whine and sentimentalists always do when once it is proposed the lash across the back of brutes instead of punishing in forms of punishment that won't hurt them much.

There is too much emasculated sentimentality masq ing as humanitarianism. We want no more of it. We much less of it. Punishment should fit the crime. The crimes for which the lash, in conjunction with imprison is the only punishment that does fit.

* * *

Subject for Gilbertian Opera.

Beat this if you can. A Reservist named Johnson to headquarters for information respecting the annual ing of the corps to which he belongs. Notice was sent but, for some unexplained reason, was returned by the letter" office. Not receiving it, he failed to put appearance at the training.

Notwithstanding his application, however, and the ob fact that the information he sought had not reached he was hauled before a magistrate on the heinous char having absented himself.

In the circumstances punishment would, of course, been an absurdity. Still, the majesty of the law ha be vindicated; so Johnson was required to pay a fine or to undergo the patently inadequate alternative of a imprisonment.

That meant his being released at the rising of the Hence he wasn't really imprisoned, nor did he pay the And the law's dignity was unimpaired. What a subject Gilbertian opera!

* * *

Motor Fatalities.

The ever-growing list of fatalities due to motor veh is becoming alarmingly serious. How to cope success with the evil is exercising the most practical and resourc minds among us, with apparently but little result.

Facilities for subway or viaduct crossing will eventu have to be provided, and the present mode of traffic-dodg prohibited. It will be a bit of a nuisance to have to as and descend steps, or *vice versa* every time you want to to the other side of the thoroughfare, but it will increa one's chances of longevity; though even then there will no guarantee that motor vehicles won't collide with another, or skid and mount the pavement.

* * *

Red Tape in the Workhouse.

A striker in Chelmsford Union house seems to be entitled more sympathy than some strikers deserve. Having to go into the Workhouse because the landlord of the he had occupied required it for his own son and ejected this man wanted to come out of it to find another tenem

Refused the discharge he asked, and told that he co only go out if he took his wife and seven children out the "House" with him, he flatly declined any longer break 6 cwts. of granite per diem—on a breakfast of g and bread.

The justices before whom he was hauled were so far sy pathetic that they gave him a month in which to pay shilling fine and four shillings costs.

But how on earth is the man to earn five shillings the Workhouse, and why on earth should he be thwarte in his ambition to come out of it by himself? The answer the officials is too puerile for consideration.

The fact is the Workhouse system wants overhauling fro top to bottom. It is rotten.

Some people have been asking, during the past week, ich is the more correct expression, from the grammarian's ndpoint—"Craig crowed" or "Craig Crewe." For our rt, we are inclined to think they are equally admissible.

* * *

ility of Glass Panels.

Experience is a good teacher, but it's a great pity that mmon-sense does not once in a while get in a preliminary son or two.

The Duc de Lorge recently lost his life through the pre- ture opening of the "safety" door of a lift. That door doubt will continue to be equally "safe," but it won't be cause of further fatalities, as glass panels are to be stituted for its wooden ones.

t is little short of amazing that they have not been there m the first, and that it needed the sacrifice of a human to demonstrate their utility. The mind of the responsible ius must have been as opaque as the existing panels mselves.

* * *

vagery in the Young

A recently published letter from the hon. secs. of the erpool branch of the Animal's Friend Society calls for nment. These worthy people, adverting to a lately orted case of cruelty to a mare by two boys, suggest that innate savagery in the young is fostered by the contents toy-shops!

They paid a passing visit to one such emporium of youth- delights, and the first objects that caught the eye were ree realistic shops—a poulterer's and two butchers', the er containing most revolting models of whole carcases." o perceive anything particularly revolting in the carcase a sheep, for instance, whether real or a miniature imita- , necessitates a clarity of vision not given to ordinary s. And why either the actual thing or the toy-shop ulation should induce the juvenile mind to gloat over the agined tortures of a cat, or nerve the juvenile hand to ict suffering on a mare, is a complicated problem which, sumably, none but hon. secs. of Animals' Friend Societies elucidate.

The whole thing is clearly absurd. Even the best inten- ed of people are apt to exaggerate when mounted on obby-horse.

* * *

e on Eves.

Mr. Justice Eve has delivered himself of a confession t implies a resolution to be more careful in future. ferring to the application of married Eves "for relief from traint upon anticipation"—which is Chancery jargon for ting hold of money before it is due under marriage settle- nts—the judicial Eve declared that no more dishonest ss than married women came before him.

I have granted relief time after time, only to find they e told a pack of lies. They come into court apparently the last throes of distress, as though their hearts would ak, or they were on the point of suicide if the court did relieve them from the consequences of their own extrava- t folly."

That's what he said of the fair applicants. It's "plain aking" with a vengeance; but, the instinct of self- servation and the desire to keep our hair on being alive hin us, we're glad it isn't part of ours!

* * *

dging-House Act Evaded.

As surely as the letting of furnished offices on short ancy facilitates the nefarious schemes of swindlers, the ing of single furnished rooms at practically nightly rents lodgers of the common lodging-house class leads to over- viding, with the concomitant evils of immorality and nkenness.

Free from the restraints of the common lodging-house, h as they are, entirely immune from supervision, women e these rooms, admit their companions, and drink to their rt's content. In Notting Dale, that most "undesirable" suburban districts, where it is a common practice for ole-houses to be let off in these single furnished tene- nts, the number of "drunks" (convicted) has gone up re than 250 per cent. in the last ten years, females keep- badly ahead of males all the time.

The local authorities have just taken action to check the scandal, and other local authorities had better follow suit—or houses in the slums will sink to as low a reputation as many of the mansion-flats the police wot of in the West End's most fashionable parts.

* * *

Suggestion in a Name.

Just at present the name of Belfast almost inevitably suggests "Hell fast" as a rhyme. So far, at any rate, as a terrestrial Hades is concerned, the people of that delectable city seem to be making for one about as speedily as they can.

Why in the name of Reason, if not in that of brotherly love, can't they dwell together in amity? That their ancestors were at each other's throats on account of a couple of rival princes who were foreigners to both parties, is a poor excuse for present-day strife.

When a few more firms have closed down, and there has been the loss of some hundreds of thousands of pounds in wages, with the consequent curtailing of visits to bakery and shebeen alike, they possibly will come to their senses, and refrain from such manifestations of valour as they have been exhibiting of late.

Breaking up children's processions, and such unequal contests as a hundred against one, are things that don't commend themselves to the admiration of people on this side of the St. George's Channel. And, after all, England is still the predominant partner.

* * *

Misdirected Sentimentality.

There's no reason, of course, why a murderer should not thoroughly repent, and even comfort himself in a most edifying manner on the scaffold. Nor, in the case of such a one, can there be any valid objection to a religious service being conducted at his former home at the time of the execution.

When, however, in addition to all this, the members of St. Thomas's Conservative Club, Blackburn, seek to perpetuate the memory of the crime for which their fellow-member, Arthur Birkett, was recently hanged, by presenting his mother with a miniature monument in the form of a broken column "suitably inscribed," it is a duty to protest against such misdirected and mawkish sentimentality.

* * *

A Regrettable Innuendo.

If Captain Lord, of the Californian, has anything more to say than he has said, his countrymen will listen intently to his every word, and with infinite relief if he can say anything to put himself right with us and the world, or even less in the wrong.

But even if he cannot do this, the behaviour of one British master-mariner at its worst supplies no justification for the innuendo conveyed in the following clause from the Recommendatory portion of Lord Mersey's "Titanic" report:—

> "Captains should be reminded that it is a misdemeanour not to go to relief of vessels in distress, when possible."

Our captains should be reminded of nothing of the sort, for the reminder is as superfluous as it is insulting. Because it is the former it is the latter. Without one ignoble thought of an accusation of "misdemeanour" if they don't go to the relief of vessels in distress, "when possible," they do go to the relief of vessels in distress, "when possible," and when apparently impossible too—as irrespective of all selfish interests as of the nationality of the vessel to be helped.

Proud of the heroic traditions of the British Mercantile Marine, *Modern Man* strongly protests against the quoted clause.

* * *

Barry's Recovery for England.

Barry's recovery for England of the sculling championship of the world comes nicely in time to cheer us up a bit. With all respect for the devotees of other sports, our aquatic supremacy is worth more to us than supremacy in any other sport.

Whenever Americans are indiscreet enough—not to say sportsmanlike enough—to consent to conditions affording fair and equal chances, we shall wrest from them the yachting laurels we have pluckily but hopelessly contended for in conditions that have made our failure a practical certainty beforehand.

There's nothing like candour. Asked whether he had ever done any work, other than that which is so thoughtfully provided for inmates of his Majesty's gaols, James Sullivan, indicted at the London Sessions for burglary, declared that he hadn't, and, moreover, didn't intend to.

"They have had the best of my days in prison," he added, "and they will have to keep me for the rest of my life."

He will be kept—at work—for the next three years, at any rate, for he was promptly sentenced to penal servitude for precisely that term.

* * *

Scarborough's Opera House.

It may be argued, with some appearance of plausibility, that theatres exist primarily for the financial benefit of their proprietors, lessees, and managers, and of those for whom they provide employment in various capacities.

There is, however, a still more cogent reason to justify their erection and up-keep—the desire of the public to be entertained and amused. But for that, the *raison d'être* of the theatre would cease to be.

As, then, it is to public patronage that proprietors, lessees, managers, and the rest, are indebted for the lining of their purses, it seems to follow that, when a theatre is open at all, it should be open for the accommodation of as many of the public as it conveniently will hold.

This, however, does not appear to be the view of those who are running the Grand Opera House at Scarborough; for they closed it to the public a few nights ago, because a visitor from Porkopolis, with an abundance of dollars, had paid them £100 to have the night's performance exclusively to himself and his score or so of friends!

The *morale* of the affair is plain enough. But what about the legal aspect? This little matter must be followed up.

* * *

"Modern Man" to Modern Women.

We stand bareheaded in compliment to the bravery of the four young women whose names we record and whose deed we chronicle. Incidentally, we are glad to have the opportunity of extending our compliments to the member of the police force to whose rescue came Rose Dobson, Louisa Bloomfield, Emily Nash and Elizabeth Gibbs; for had he stayed to count odds against duty he wouldn't have put himself in the danger from which they extricated him.

P.C. Andrew Slater, after arresting one of three scoundrels, was thrown by them on to his back, and kicked and punched into unconsciousness. Through the crowd—to the shame of every pair of trousers in it—broke the petticoats of Rose, Louie, Emmie and Lizzie. While one of them blew the helpless constable's whistle, another threw her body over his head, to protect it from further violence, herself being struck and kicked instead.

The other two assisted the first two to carry the poor fellow away. We join in the tribute of admiration expressed by Mr. Magistrate Denman in addressing the dauntless four at Marylebone Police Court.

* * *

"Little Mistakes" of the Police.

The peculiar thing about the quashing by the Court of Criminal Appeal the other day of the sentence of three years' imprisonment passed on a man who had been indicted for receiving stolen property was that he hadn't been charged with receiving the stolen property he had been convicted of receiving! There had been a little mistake.

Calling "at court" to ask for her husband, a woman was shoved into the dock, charged with drunkenness, found guilty and sentenced, all before she had sufficiently recovered from her bewilderment to ask what was up. There had been a little mistake.

Two police constables have been fined respectively £20 and £5 at Birmingham County Court for the wrongful arrest of a gentleman whom one of them had run in because he had remonstrated with him on his treatment of a prisoner. Another little mistake, on the part of these two policemen? 'Afraid not. Something worse!

* * *

Justice in a Hurry.

Last November a man was condemned to a month's imprisonment by the Caversham magistrates as a poacher, and for an alleged assault on a game-keeper. He did his month but very soon afterwards the confession of another man proved his innocence up to the hilt.

Within the last few days the wrongfully convicted victim of mistaken identity has received from the Home Office the consolation of a free pardon for what he didn't do—re it barely eight months after his alibi was shown to truthful one.

Why this haste? Are the sacred traditions of the delay to be violated with impunity? Has American hu last invaded the Home Office itself?

* * *

Dublin Mendicants.

Dublin is overrun with beggars. It is the Irish mend Mecca. They accost people, more especially touris every street, the principal thoroughfares not excepted. absolutely swarm in Sackville Street. The polic apathetic, and make no efforts to stamp out what is cer a glaring evil. The press and the city magistrates alluded several times to the numbers and extreme perti of these wretched creatures.

It is no uncommon sight to see bedraggled indiv following respectable citizens along the whole length street plaintively narrating their woes and miseries. bodied young men solicit aid to join the Army, and children of tender years are sent out by their pare cadge half-pennies "for a bit o' bread, sir."

Women with babies in their arms start weeping request a few pence in the name of God. They volu to pray for the donors of odd pence. Their gratitu exuberant. On the other hand, if their plaint is ig they express their sentiments in quite vigorous and unparliamentary language. We have heard of a case a beggar-woman went down on her knees and invoke curse of God on a lady who disregarded her reques a copper.

Dublin possesses a large number of philanthropic mendicity institutions, and there is no excuse for the a ing proportions which this evil has assumed within the few years.

The citizens of Dublin are certainly within their r when they request the police to put down this nefa traffic.

* * *

Solving a Problem.

Still another State Insurance problem! Which is authority to be followed—Mr. Masterman or the missioners?

The former declares in the House of Commons that it normally be part of the wife's domestic duties to stamp servants' insurance cards herself.

The latter give it out that a servant may be instru by the mistress to stick the stamp on his or her own ca

When such eminent authorities make conflicting s ments, it is not for us to attempt to adjudicate; but the one big-blown bubble we are strongly tempted to pr It's not absolutely essential for either employers or ployed to lick stamps at all. What's the matter with moistened pad?

* * *

Labour Leaders and the Army.

The antipathy of Labour Leaders to the standing Army, an institution, has the psychological interest that attaches anything that is singularly idiotic. In the world as it ou to be, there would be no place for the soldier, for ri would be independent of might, of which the soldier is type, and, collectively, the personification; but in the wo as it is, might remains, in the ultimate, the only guaran of right.

Unless at the back of every reform there were the pow of enforcement, of compulsion, the enemies of reformati would have everything their own way. Unless the soldi stood behind the legislator, legislature would be vain. Rig and wrong are in precisely the same position as regar night; but, in the last resort, being ineffectual without

* * *

Territorial Church Parades.

The objective is, of course, always a church of the Churc of England. That's "quite all right," for almost all o them, but not for quite all of them. Where the rule in th Regulars as regards Roman Catholic soldiers is practicable it should be followed in the Territorials, and where it i impracticable, by reason of a paucity of numbers, it should be notified that Roman Catholic soldiers summoned to Territorial Church Parades are at liberty, after answering the roll, to fall out.

Distance permitting, this would mean that in small units, or individually, they would proceed in uniform—or bebadged in the case of National Reservists—to the nearest church of their own faith.

Our point is that the showing-up in the fullest possible orce at all such general parades is a thing to be desired nd encouraged—and there isn't a recruiting sergeant who on't be in sympathy with the suggestion we have thrown out.

* * *

he Pipe of Peace.

The new German Ambassador to the Court of St. James' s said to be very fond of tobacco. However big the bowl f the pipe of peace that it is hoped he has brought with im, we'll offer him millions of pouches full to the brim with he wherewithal for its loading. His observant and philo- ophic compatriots have an observant and philosophic xplanation of the origin of the "divine weed," with special eference to its power to soothe and console. In the begin- ing, say the Germans, God made man. Next He made oman. Then He felt very sorry for the man and made obacco.

* * *

ogus Fire Calls.

The proportion between offence and punishment seems onstantly to be out of perspective in these degenerate days. t one time the sentence is scandalously excessive; at nother it falls obviously short of what it ought to be. A fine of twenty shillings for three bogus telephone fire alls in less than an hour and a half! Such was the quite nadequate penalty inflicted on a postman the other day; nd the reason given for letting him down so lightly was that e had twenty years' good character in the Post Office. A act, surely, which aggravated his offence, rather than itigated it.

he Need for Severity.

It is all very well to say that no harm was done beyond he turning out of two escapes, five steamers, and twenty-six nen. Making fools of the Fire Brigade even to only that xtent merits more than a twenty shilling fine, no matter ow respectable a record the culprit may be able to present. But it was possible for things to be a great deal worse. genuine call might have been received during one of hose false alarms, and considerable damage done, and life erhaps lost, before the befooled firemen could reach the cene of the outbreak. Prevention is better than being wise fter the event. The bogus fire alarm fool should be unished with the utmost severity, as a warning to others ot to follow his lead. The possibility of damage to property nd loss of life, through criminally caused delay, would thus e reduced to a minimum.

Up Against It.

THE MODERN MAN.

No. 5.—MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL, M.P.

Aristocrat, soldier, journalist, statesman all before his fortieth birthday, the First Lord of the Admiralty cannot complain that a slight impediment in his speech has been any impediment to his progress up the height where "fame's proud temple shines afar."

Owing a good deal to the accident of blood, he owes more to the brain. To see him walking along the street with head bowed down beneath the weight of ponderous meditation and peculiarly old fashioned tallish hat, you might fancy that he was a middle aged bookworm, or something in the city with a not too flourishing bank balance. For the First Lord has a serious mien and a stoop.

Command of Language.

It was not in the street, however, that he made himself, but on the platform and the floor of the House, and on these controversial grounds he becomes an alert, observant, quick-witted man of affairs who has a wonderful command of graphic and glowing language, and a limited number of gestures that without being Continental are graceful and an artful aid to the spoken word.

His pale blue eye can flash fire; his Cupid's bow mouth—that cherubic feature which won for him the lately discarded nickname of "the Boy"—can shoot shafts of scorn and satire, or woo to sweet reasonableness those who begin with a violent predjudice against him or the cause he advocates.

He is one of the few remaining orators of the old style. The plain unvarnished tale is not to his taste. Truth with trimmings of the facts in fancy dress is his method of making a dull or serious subject wear an air of first-rate human interest.

Epigrams by the Dozen.

If epigrams were the first line of defence of a country we should be secure, for the First Lord can roll them out by the dozen without doing more than slightly bending his supple frock-coated body or clasping the long lapels thereof with his nervous fingers.

His capacity for work in spasms is great; for creating enthusiasm for work in others, immense. Some people have the courage of their convictions; Mr. Churchill has greater courage of changing his convictions and admitting it.

Coolness in Danger.

He has been under fire in war, and old soldiers who were with him in the Soudan speak almost reverentially of his coolness in danger. His pluck has been shown in the House, and it is written plainly on his pugnacious nose and cold eyes. He neither gives quarter nor asks for it, and the heckler who attempts to take him down is given a courteous hearing followed by a verbal walloping.

Once during the 1906 election at Manchester he was constantly interrupted by a horny handed artisan, on whom at last he turned his epigrammatic gun. "Ah!" said the heckler as the people laughed at him. "Ah yes, thow't a good deal cleverer than me." "Exactly," rapped out Mr. Churchill, "If I were not, I suppose I could depend on getting your vote." We believe he got it.

A HOLIDAY HINT.

Stop out all night—on beach, on cliff, in lane or wood, in dell, on hill. Going regularly to bed every night is a lamentable mistake. Men fear a night in the open as they fear almost all unfamiliar things. The dread is a survival of a primitive instinct, in ordinary circumstances without justification in the conditions of civilisation.

Few there be who entirely outgrow and overcome their shy shrinking from rural night. But those who would look on earth in her more intimate privacy, catch from the eternal stars an echo of the music of the spheres, and listen while the waters sob him something of their secret, must be awake with Nature between the noon of night and the peep of day.

HUMAN CATTLE PENS.

EXPOSING APPALLING CONDITIONS OF UNSPEAKABLE SQUALOR.

LONDON DISGRACE SPOTS—NO. 3.

The widespread interest which is being vouchsafed on all sides by our fearless articles on London Disgrace Spots, and the numerous letters we have received from every class of society, promising hearty co-operation in attempting to do away with the evils we have exposed, gives us a further incentive to bring before the earnest consideration of the humanitarian public one of the most horrible state of affairs ever seen outside a savage settlement.

Here, in the very heart of London, evils may be seen—if reformers care to see them, which alas! they do *not*!—as bad, nay worse, than those imputed periodically by returning explorers to barbaric races of tropical regions.

Where Vice Runs Riot.

We are referring to the dwellings—human cattle-pens, they are no less—which swarm in the slum districts all over London; places where vice runs riot, and disease annually mows down a fearful total of agonised victims, where hunger drives weak minds to robbery—or even worse!—in short, dreadful places where all the worst elemental passions are perforce allowed full sway.

One of the most fruitful causes of suffering among the poor in London, as elsewhere, is that the classes who really could relieve distress—i.e., the wealthy, leisured type—will not be directed to the real horrible root of the evil. In dispensing charity, such people will not dream of visiting such human cattle-pens as we are going to describe. No, no. What they like is to go over some ornate block of municipal dwellings, observing "Oh, how *nicely* everything is kept here! The dear creatures are poor, but *so* clean!" or other gush of the kind.

They will leave a basket of fruit with some sick child, speak a few hypocritical words to some bed-ridden octogenarian woman, and hasten away, all eagerness to read the reports of their kindly offices in the next editions of the local papers.

Here are some of the terrible statistics collected by the writer on the subject of the horrible overcrowding in slum-dwellings all over London.

Sixty-Two in Twelve Rooms.

In one dwelling in a squalid northern suburb of the Metropolis, two families occupied two-roomed tenements, and each family consisted of eleven persons!

Four other families in the same building occupied two-roomed tenements, and each of these families had ten members. Count this up and you will arrive at the terrible fact that 62 human beings lived in 12 rooms—just over *five* people to *one* room!

It must not be forgotten—for this is a dreadfully fruitful source of disease—that the kitchens were, perforce, used for sleeping in; and some sick people were abed in them day and night.

Worse still, such was the condition of poverty among these people, that two of these wretchedly constrained families were actually taking in lodgers.

In another tenement, a single room, rented at 4s. 6d. per week, were found no less than nine people! They were as follows: Father, mother, four girls (14, 9, 5 and 1½) and three boys (11, 7 and 3). According to the requirements calculated by medical experts from the point of view of hygiene, this room, to contain all those people, should have contained, in air-space, an extra 1,610 feet!

The Spirit of Pride.

The writer asked a London medical officer for health for his views on the causes of this appalling condition of affairs.

"They are several," was the answer, "but the chief, of course, is poverty. The majority of these overcrowded slum-dwellers are so poor as to be practically destitute. It is probably only the combined efforts of the whole family that are sufficient to raise the three or four shillings to pay the weekly rent of the poor room. Here they live—or rather sleep, and starve, and contract diseases. . . ."

"Another cause," went on my informant, "is the
of pride—some people might call it pig-headedness—
makes the British working man or woman suffer eve
most disgusting conditions of dire poverty sooner tha
to the Workhouse. A man, say, earning a fair wage
living in a fair-sized working-man's cottage or dwe
suddenly falls out of work—perhaps through some wre
strike—and cannot continue paying the rent of his mo
less ambitious home.

Seldom Takes a Bath.

"But, instead of being sensible and going to the U
where he and his family will be cared for and fed unt
can get another job, he simply chooses the deplorable c
of moving into one room or so in a street that is c
because it is insanitary, there to live by selling his furn
by degrees—and then to starve."

It is a remarkable fact that, whereas the middle-cl
share with the upper a love of cleanliness which al
amounts to a religion, the working classes of the type
will submit to this overcrowding, indulge in ablution
only the most elementary order. They seldom or n
take a bath.

Call on such a man on Saturday evening, just afte
"tea-time," and you will probably find him and his s
brood soaking their feet in tepid water—a by no m
attractive sight. This rite is performed weekly, an
practically the only concession made to hygiene by pe
of this kind. Is it to be wondered at, then, that li
together in one room to the number of perhaps nine,
having habits of that kind, there should be so many c
of disease in such dwellings?

But the worst form of human cattle pen has not
discussed yet. Thank heaven the English poor are no
degraded as importations from abroad. It is in the
infested slums of the East End, whither immigrants c
from Poland and elsewhere, ignorant of English and p
tically penniless, that the most terrible form of overcrow
is found.

Foul People from Abroad.

The police, on the advice of a sanitary inspector, not
ago raided one of the fearful lodging houses in which s
immigrants find shelter; and there, in one room, they
covered no fewer than fifteen people of all ages and
sexes, representing *three* families, sleeping almost naked
the floor, without even a screen or curtain between th
families for purposes of privacy!

It may sound drastic, but in our opinion there ought
tainly to be some sort of isolation establishments for
reception of such foul people from abroad, wherein t
should be compulsorily scrubbed every day, and forced oth
wise to live according to the rules of health and decency.

To return to the subject of overcrowding in houses oc
pied by the British poor. Here is another and less exc
able cause than poverty—the refusal of the chief bre
winner, in most cases, of course, the father, to pay anyth
more than the most meagre rent.

The following is a case in point. A father had a w
and seven children, and all lived in one room at 4s.
per week. This was paid by the wife out of only 10s. allow
her by her husband to provide for the household! T
means that she had to feed him and the seven children,
to mention herself, on only 5s. 6d. a week! In view of t
fact that he earned 26s. weekly (which means that he k
16s. every week for himself) it is pleasant to realise that th
are not very many men in England like him!

Reminder to Would-be Reformers.

Finally, before we leave the subject of these undoubt
"disgrace spots," let us remind would-be reformers that t
East End is not the only place where they exist. Lo
about in Notting Dale, parts of Battersea, some streets o
Gray's Inn Road, the Fulham Cross district, Hackney,
Waterloo Road, and other places—and, alas! you will fi
no lack of them.

J. S. C.

OYSTERS TO ORDER.

single oyster will produce 16,000,000 young oysters. In next generation these would produce 256,000,000,000,000. he fifth generation, allowing three cubic inches for each er, there would be enough oysters to fill the world times.

ysters, however, have many enemies. The starfish eat n in thousands, so also do crabs and sponges, while ions are swept out to the sea by the tide.

o prevent this, oyster culturists provide tiles with a rough e-washed surface on which oysters can settle, and they place wire-netting over the beds to protect them from r enemies.

* * *

lla: Harry is always to be trusted. He has never ived me.

ella: How do you know that?

lla: How? Why, he told me so himself only last night.

* * *

QUITE FEARLESS.

r. Philanthropist was passing a bakery, when he observed tle girl gazing with longing eyes at some cakes displayed he window.

he youngster's wistful gaze was too much for Mr. Philan- pist, so he took immediate measures to satisfy her ing.

hen she had in short order disposed of a rich bit of ry she calmly asked for another.

I should like very much to give you another," said the lly man, "but I'm afraid it would make you sick."

Get it for me, anyhow," quickly responded the littie nuthin'."

* * *

Do you think your father would object to my seeking hand?"

Don't know, I'm sure. If he's anything like me he ld."

* * *

BEWARE!

—Of a young lady who calls you by your christian name first time she meets you.

—Of a lodging-house where you are treated "as one of family."

—Of entering a French shop which has the following ription:—

"Here they spike English."

—Of a gentleman who is "up" to all the clever tricks, knows a "dodge or two at cards."

—Of port at 30s. a dozen.

* * *

here are various grades of success. Even the man with wheelbarrow may feel that he is in the push.

* * *

IN THE TRAIN.

ravelling in a second class carriage, a gentleman had tle misunderstanding with a lady, the only occupant of com:partment besides himself, in reference to the opening window.

You don't appear to know the difference between the nd and third class," said the lady cuttingly.

Oh, madam," replied he, "I am an old railway traveller: now all the class distinctions. In the first class the engers behave rudely to the guard; in the third the rds behave rudely to the passengers; in the second (with w to his fellow-passenger) the passengers behave rudely ach other."

* * *

he thing a conceited person is sure of is that he isn't.

* * *

DID YOU EVER?

—Know a cabman or a porter with any change about ?

—Know the Boots at an inn call you *too early* for the n?

—Know a man who did not think he could poke the fire er than you could?

—Know an amateur singer without a *horrid bad cold*?

IN A HURRY.

A lecturer was describing certain towns where the males far outnumber the females. He ended his description with a mild joke. He said:

"I heartily advise every unmarried suffragette sister to include these towns in her next tour."

A suffragette in a front seat made an exclamation of annoyance at this, and, rising, she stalked out of the hall.

The lecturer smiled upon her indignant departing figure and said:

"But, miss, I didn't mean that you should start in such a hurry!"

* * *

A French firm has obtained a concession from the municipality for the construction of a tramway in Jerusalem. It is intended to begin laying down the lines during the present summer.

* * *

WOOD FROM WASTE PAPER.

There is an old saw to the effect that—

"Nature works in circles,
Everyone agrees,
Trees grow out of doors,
Doors are made from trees."

Someone with a gift for rhyming may add another verse about paper being made from wood and wood now being made from old paper. An Ohio inventor, named Harper, has perfected a machine which does this.

He takes old newspapers and straw and puts them through his machine, and they emerge in the shape of artificial boards of any desired length or thickness suitable for building material, for railroad ties, or for furniture.

* * *

Good luck comes to the hustler; bad luck comes to those who sit down and wait.

* * *

Some people can hardly believe a word they say.

* * *

SHORTSIGHTED—WHAT?

Jones was smitten very badly with the photographic craze,
But the lenses in his head were out of focus;
In other words his sight was short, too short in fact to tell,
At twenty yards, a cowslip from a crocus.

But still he practised all day long, the tricky, snapping art,
And photographed his pals—he "did 'em" free,
Till August came—he had ten days with naught to do, so went
To Sloppyworth—you know it—by the sea.

One day upon a little rock within a sheltered cove,
He spied a form—"divine's" too weak a word—
Attired in bathing costume, pink and mauve, 'twas very *chic*,
So crept he up—his footsteps were unheard.

Snap! went the shutter, twice in fact, before he stole away,
With thoughts of what he'd do, when home he got,
And how he'd show the picture round the office to the chaps.
The fun he'd have! They'd vote him "rather hot."

He took the tell-tale bit o' film to a chemist down the street
Who developed "plates" e'er one could mutter "knife,"
And called next day, laid down a bob, and took the film away,
Then printed one. He fainted. 'Twas his wife!

STANLEY ST. LEONARD.

* * *

RELIC OF THE PAST.

The skeleton of Flying Fox, the Duke of Westminster's famous racehorse, bought by M. Edmond Blanc for the record price of 37,500 guineas, is a notable feature of the Horse Museum, opened in the ancient chateau at Saumur, where the French cavalry school is situated.

The plaster casts, drawings, and skeletons trace the evolution of the horse from the Tertiary period up to the present day, and there is a very fine collection of trappings, caparisons, bridles, bits, and spurs of all periods.

THE CAREER OF DUNLOP KANE:

No. III.—BLACKMAIL.

By
ADAM STERN,
Author of the Selby Series which proved so popular in "Modern Man."

In spite of being, by day, merely a "showman" at Prosing's, the celebrated Emporium, Dunlop Kane had habits in his private life which to the initiated would have hinted at circumstances in his previous career at variance with the cheap lodgings he lived in and the inconsiderable salary which he drew each week.

Invariably, if funds would permit it, he "dressed" and dined out.

Attired in the habiliments of a gentleman he yet looked neither a waiter nor a hero of musical comedy, but simply an indolent Englishman of breeding. He dined as a rule at Babini's; at Babini's in Soho, where extremes meet. Frequent Babini's for a week and you will probably hear every language in Europe. They arrange the tables there with a curtain at back and front and a wall at one side; so that unless you would be overheard you must be careful to talk in undertones.

Dunlop Kane, leaning back with half-shut eyes and a cigarette, caught from behind him the one word "Prosing." Followed on that a sibilant *Ssh!*" Thereafter conversation was a murmur, broken now and then by a stray intelligible sentence.

"The woman mustn't be dead.—A hundred as a beginning.—Wary how you word it.—Champions of poor unfortunate." Somebody restrained a laugh. "They shiver at publicity—bless you!—Here's luck to Maggie Kent. . ."

Dunlop Kane, slightly smiling, gently stirred his coffee.

He rose presently, and as he put on his coat watched with casual eyes two men going out of the restaurant. One of them was big, full-waistcoated and handsome; the other under-sized and sallow.

"I'll remember *you*, my pretties," thought Kane.

* * *

The next morning, unannounced, he presented himself in the chief's office. Mr. Prosing appeared to be very uneasy.

"You were wanting to see me, I think," said Kane, with his usual aggravating insouciance.

"You?" said Mr. Prosing. "No. I am not aware of the fact. Why should I want to see *you*?"

"I thought I might be of some assistance to you in connection with this business of Maggie Kent."

"The devil!" said Mr. Prosing. He stared at Kane with a sort of infuriated astonishment. "What do you know about Maggie Kent? By George! if you're responsible for the blackguardly blackmailing letter I've received this morning, I-I'll give you in charge! I-I'll thrash you within an inch of your life!"

"I'm not," said Kane. "But I happen to know something about it."

"Know what? There's nothing to know! How dare you mention her name here to me? I-I don't even know such a person!"

"Can I see the letter?" asked Kane.

"Certainly," said Mr. Prosing. "No!" he added. "Why on earth should you?"

Kane communicated briefly the gist of the remarks which had reached his ears.

"Well?" said Mr. Prosing, apparently somewhat relieved, "what is there in that? A woman's name is mentioned—and mine, too—and there's some talk about a letter."

"Which letter you've received," put in Kane softly.

"Even if I have —— Kane, you should learn to control that dangerous imagination of yours."

"And shall you tender the same advice to those two men when they call for their hundred pounds?"

Mr. Prosing reddened.

"If you will kindly give me *one* reason," he said unpleasantly, "why you should interfere in a matter which doesn't concern you in the least ——"

"Readily," said Dunlop Kane. "I'm delighted to be explicit. It isn't quite appreciated by you, I'm afraid, my attitude towards you and this Emporium. I'm in business to Get On—to turn all that comes to account. Now it's in delicate negotiations of this kind that my abilities will particularly shine."

"You'll excuse me saying it," said Mr. Prosing earnestly, "but you've got the most infernal sauce of any man I've ever met!" He drew out a letter from his pocket, it wa flattering capitulation. "The matter's quite simple," went on. "There was a woman I knew—of the name said. I gave her a lump sum—to settle her, as per usu And I've got her receipt, mind you. I've got her recei 'with thanks.' And now some scoundrels have dug up affair and are threatening to make it hot for me. It's ha lines, Mr. Kane. A man does his best ——" and M Prosing looked virtuously afflicted.

"How long ago is it?"

"Oh, years!" said Mr. Prosing.

"And you have heard nothing since—from Miss Ke I mean?"

"An occasional line only—you know how they st remember. But even that stopped two years ago."

"Where did she write from?"

"Brumleigh, in Middlesex. She took up bee-keepi there."

"Then lend me your car, and I'll run down and see her "Don't y

"What for?" asked Mr. Prosing suspiciously. go making free with my name, Mr. Kane."

"I esteem it too highly. But we must see how they' connected—these men and the honeyed lady. What tim are they calling?"

"Three," said Mr. Prosing.

"Then by three I'll be back. Don't be alarmed!"

* * *

The bird-faced little man who called was without his com panion—probably for some subtle reason of discretion—an his eyebrows worked with surprise on perceiving that a fai haired formidably built young man was awaiting him alon in the office.

"I desired—er—to see Mr. Prosing himself," said th visitor, whose name, according to his card, was Armitger, Armitger.

"Sit down," said Kane. "I shall do as well. It's abou this Maggie Kent business, isn't it?"

"What do you know about Maggie Kent?" The questio was intense, delivered with a certain low quietness.

"That's the second time I've been asked that questio to-day. Quite a lot, I assure you. Far more than I did thi morning. Don't hurry away, Mr. Armitger," and Dunlo Kane was out of his chair like a cat and across the office before the other had passed the doorway. He took him by the collar and carrying him easily he replaced him in his chair. "You're too impetuous," he said.

Resuming his seat, he went on pleasantly:

"According to your letter you are a relative of Miss Kent's --her cousin, I think You wish to see justice done, bu you are considerably anxious that there shall be no ill- feeling in the matter. There is a restraint about your letter which does you infinite credit, Mr. Armitger. A hundred pounds, I believe, you suggested—ignorant of the fact, no doubt, that compensation, such as was required, has already been given?"

"The compensation was insufficient," said the visitor.

"But another curious circumstance of the case—you surely must be aware of it, for you have been a constant visitor to Brumleigh lately—is that Miss Kent is wholly uncon- scious of your efforts on her behalf. She has given you no authority, and I'm afraid that she never will."

"What do you mean by that?" said the visitor, whose hands were gripping his chair.

"Because she is dead, Mr. Armitger. She died two years ago of an attack of syncope."

"It's a lie!" hissed the other.

"It's the truth, my unscrupulous friend. And if you will kindly stay where you are I shall have pleasure in telephon- ing for the police."

He got up leisurely, and turning his back, went over to a small table and took up the receiver of a telephone.

There was a scurrying of feet, and a moment later Dunlop Kane looked round, a quiet amused smile on his face. He crossed to a door and opening it confronted Mr. Prosing.

"It's all right," he said, "he has gone. I don't imagine you'll be bothered by the gentleman again."

(To be continued.)

CHILD TORTURERS.

PLEA FOR THE APPLICATION OF THE "CAT."

...ers will tell you that drink is the chief cause of cruelty children. This is not so. A drunkard may in his frenzy violent to a child, but is rarely guilty of systematic, liberate torture.

Deliberate, prolonged cruelty implies a fixity of purpose, horrible determination and method which the drunkard es not possess. Without wishing to offend the susceptiities of any reader, it is an incontrovertible fact that ny of the worst acts of fiendish cruelty have been perpeted by teetotallers.

Drink, on the other hand, is the most frequent cause of cruelty of neglect. Neglect is not to be condoned or tinted, but it is in a different category from the deliberate ction of torture. Immorality is a cause of ill-treatment. "natural" child is a living reproach to its mother, y stand in the way of rehabilitating herself, and she is apt turn against it.

ark and Terrible Passion.

...many "natural" children are sent to baby farms. A sum ...is paid, and the longer the child lives the less profit ...here for the baby farmer. The child's death is hastened ill-treatment and neglect. Here we have greed actuating cruelty both of ill-treatment and neglect. The main-...g of child torture, however, is a dark and terrible ...sion.

...ecently Mr. Paul Taylor sentenced a "devil incarnate" ...o had made a "veritable hell" of a little child's ...to six months' hard labour. This, or a fine not exceeding ...5, was the maximum punishment he could inflict. When ...ual danger to life has been involved, or it is shown that ...accused had a financial interest in causing or hastening ...death of his victim the child-torturer is usually proceeded ...inst by indictment at Assizes. In this case he may be ...tenced to two years with or without hard labour, or a fine ...exceeding £200. "He," it must be understood, includes ...for the majority of child-torturers are women. This ...s not prove that women are naturally crueller than men. ...ey have practically complete charge of children, and ...viously greater opportunities than men of maltreating ...m.

n Extraordinary Leniency.

...lerciful as the law is to the child-torturer, judges and ...gistrates often show an extraordinary leniency in ...inistering it.

...here is the notorious case of the fashionable woman who ...convicted of diabolical cruelty to one of her children ...fined £50—a financial fleabite to her.

...ere are some more recent instances of judical leniency ...ards the cruel—(want of space prevents the giving of ...ticulars, but in each case the evidence revealed deliberate ...tematic torture of the victim):—

Chichester.—10s. costs, one day's imprisonment.

York.—Fined 10s.

Wigton.—Fined £5.

Wolverhampton.—Four months *in second division*.

York.—Bound over.

...n cases of neglect, a mild punishment may be sufficient ...nduce the offender to turn over a new leaf, but the fiend ...has the bestial passion of cruelty is not to be deterred ...n gratifying it by the fear of a few months' imprisonment ...a paltry fine.

n Unspeakable Coward.

...he child-torturer is an unspeakable coward. The coward ...s physical pain before anything. Therefore the prospect ...the "cat" would make him think twice before getting ...his knotted ropes, his hot irons, and other dreadful ...ments. This is the argument.

...low about flogging women? Why should the "devil ...rnate" in female shape be exempt from tasting some-...g of the pain she has inflicted.

...et the prison wardresses administer the "cat" to female ...ds. They will not shrink from doing so. The feeble ...against cruelty to children, the amazing leniency with ...ch they are administered, are a disgrace to a country ...t boasts of its humanity.

NORMAN FRASER.

PEN POINTS.

INTERESTING PARS FROM ALL QUARTERS

A man who has just died at Prague left instructions that his coffin would be found at a pawnshop.

* * *

Posted from Brighton to a resident at Haywards Heath seven years ago, a letter has just been delivered.

* * *

A man in Meadville, Pa., on reading a telegram informing him that a relative had died leaving him £50,000, dropped dead.

* * *

The latest novelty in Berlin is for pet dogs to have little parasols fixed above their heads so that they are well protected from the sun.

* * *

A freak bolt of lightning recently played about a cat in Amityville, Long Island, shaving its head clean of whiskers and hair, but otherwise not harming him.

* * *

The following matrimonial advertisement appears in a Dutch journal: "Middle-aged several times a widower anxious to marry again as he is very lonely."

* * *

The recent heat wave in Montreal resulted in ninety-five funerals in a single day. The demand for hearses was so great that many cabs were pressed into service.

* * *

Before enlisting to escape arrest, a man, sentenced to three month's hard labour at Brentford for theft, sent a postcard to the police station bidding them "good-bye."

* * *

Of a man fined at Lambeth for drunkenness it was said that he was found swearing vigorously at a pillar-box and told a constable that the pillar-box had assaulted him.

* * *

Three hundredweight of honey has been collected from the roof of Coombe Church, near Hungerford, this large quantity having been accumulated by four stocks of bees.

* * *

A boy of twelve who stole a bicycle at Norwich sold it for three-halfpence. The machine changed hands no fewer than four times during the evening, the last price realised being 2s. 9d.

* * *

Mr. John Wood, an old age pensioner of Finchingfield, Essex, has constructed models of several of the local buildings out of matchboxes. They are true in every detail, even to the furniture inside.

* * *

A practical joker at Eaton, Ohio, found nine babies in a shed near a field where their mothers were at work, and changed their clothing, so that on returning not one of the women knew her own child.

* * *

Over 200 school children at Bury St. Edmunds competed for prizes offered by Dr. Stork, school medical officer, for the best set of teeth. Two of the first prize winners were children boarded out by the guardians.

* * *

"I used to work on ocean liners," said a prisoner in a case heard at the London Sessions, "but, as they show an inclination to go down, I am thinking of going in for aeroplanes. I want to rise in the world."

* * *

A woman applicant at Kingston told the magistrate that her husband had given her 15 black eyes in five years, and another woman at Highgate said her husband had thrown a lighted lamp at her on four occasions.

* * *

An agency has been opened in Paris to supply doctors with patients. The fees are rather high, varying from £4 to £20. On receipt of the fee, the doctor is supplied with a list of twenty consumptives, twenty epileptics, twenty cases of cancer, and so on.

* * *

Recent movements of the sands below the Battery at Ferryside, near Carmarthen, have disclosed the remains of a buried village, and seem to confirm a local tradition. The houses are of the usual "back-to-back" type common in Welsh villages until the end of the Victorian era, and are believed to be the remains of the village of St. Ismael, which in the reign of James I. was swamped by an inrush of the sea, which considerably altered the coast line of Carmarthen Bay.

MY NOTE BOOK

When I say that I am more than pleased with myself, I hope my big contingent of readers will not jump to the conclusion that they have been sadly mistaken in me, and that I am really a species of that detestable human biped—the swelled head.

Whatever else I may be, I fervently hope to be spared from such a fate. I have been bored by too many to ever have any desire to throw in my lot with them.

Only a few days ago, it was my misfortune to have to endure the claptrap of one of these balloonish individuals. Phew! If I had been told that the earth and a whacking big portion of one of the other places belonged to him, it wouldn't have surprised me.

THE BADGE OF THE SEASON.

Upon second thoughts, to say that I had to endure the claptrap of the swelled head is scarcely correct. No man is really obliged to listen to anything that makes him feel like using an oft-quoted phrase "Get off the earth."

To do this, even were it richly deserved, would not be reckoned good taste by many. To these, the sudden remembrance of another engagement and a hurried departure would appeal more strongly, and the swelled head would pursue, to him, his sublime course of self-complacency.

In dealing with the insufferable character in question, I frankly admit I prefer the idea of letting him know exactly what is in the mind. I don't think there is much fear of my being tortured again for some time by the swelled head of recent encounter.

* * *

WHY I AM PLEASED.

Having said so much, now to the point why I am pleased with myself. I am delighted to think that *Modern Man*, in its new form, is being appreciated like it is, as testified to by its rapidly increasing circulation and letters from readers in all parts of the country, at home and abroad.

As I write, I have before me quite a pile of appreciative epistles and —

The break in the last sentence is too interesting to complete, inasmuch as it marks the receipt of additional complimentary correspondence. My rosy-faced office-boy has just brought me another batch of letters, and anxious about an overdue article (Editors have anxious times, I assure you) I ceased writing, to go through the postal packages, and behold the first message which caught my eye was:—

The best man's paper on the market. Heartiest congratulations. The sketch on the cover, great; the plain speaking, just what is wanted; and all the other pages tip-top.

* * *

Good, S.R. (Colwyn Bay). I shall do my very best to keep you enthusiastic.

* * *

"HEALTHY, MANLY, AND BRITISH."

As much as I would like to do so, space will not permit of my giving but brief extracts from a few of my other admirers' notes, many of whom paid their tributes when ordering either a *Modern Man* fountain pen, an athletic badge, or asking for a supply of Nice Place postcards.

W., Gosforth, Newcastle-on-Tyne:—

"In its present form I think *Modern Man* is better than ever, and I always recommend it to anyone wanting an up-to-date journal."

Bravo, a lady this time, Miss M. M. Brown, Denby Common, near Derby:—

"My brother takes your paper, but I like to read it too. Wishing you much success."

Mr. J. H. Wade, Strathmore, Alberta:—

"*Modern Man* is eagerly looked for every mail, and when we have done with it others are waiting for it. It goes quite a round of camps."

A.B.J., Ladywood, Birmingham:—

"In these days of milk and water periodicals (excuse the expression) it is pleasing to get hold of one paper which is healthy, manly and British. *Modern Man* is by far the finest of our weekly journals."

* * *

Mr. Frank W. Holton, of County Oak Villas, Crawley, informs me that some time ago he took up Hugo's French course, with which he is delighted. He now appeals to *Modern Man* to find him correspondents in the language. This should be easy.

The article given last week on "Rot in Post Office," has led several members ex-members of the G.P.O. service to w appreciation of the move of *Modern* C. Robert, writing from a well-known sea resort, says: "I am an ex-postman, w little above the average postal serv knowledge of the inner workings and offi isms of a very prominent office in Lon My dismissal remains at present unknow other members of my family, and as I now in communication with the Postma General, I do not feel inclined to state case publicly until he has definitely re to re-instate me. I should feel much ob to receive some encouragement from journal such as yours, which would he keep up my spirits when I think of the seventeen yea honest and hard-working time in the G.P.O. which has wasted."

Modern Man is always ready to give publicity to a ger grievance. Not knowing the facts of this particular I am not, of course, in the position to pass any comment when C.R. furnishes me with the full information he rest assured that I will soon decide upon what actio take.

* * *

KING ALFONSO AND AN ARTICLE.

Last week, thanks to a correspon instances were given of people who refused tempting offers from newspapers magazines for stories and articles.

The name of the King of Spain, who is in England, was not mentioned then, but it certainly ca

The trouble at Barcelona some years ago is well know have caused very great pain and anxiety to the Kin Spain—then unmarried—and his mother, Queen Chris and the papers gave a good deal of publicity to their d at that time.

When the affair was settled, Queen Christina receiv letter from the Editor of an American magazine encl a cheque for £3,000, if only she would allow the young to write and sign a column of matter for the paper, de with the causes and results of the Barcelona trouble was a tempting offer, and one which could cast no the young King's name and fame, but the offer was emph ally declined by the Queen.

* * *

An old reader of *Modern Man*, Mr. J. Archer, whose is at Long Eaton, near Nottingham, is now in England holiday from New York, and I hope it will prove as plea to him as his voyage across, which, in an interesting to me, he described as grand.

* * *

WEAPONS USED BY CRIMINALS.

Although facts about weapons carried criminals cannot be put under the headin "A pleasant subject," nevertheless they doubtless be regarded as interesting. T. (Coventry) sent them. He did not give any reason. perhaps it was because the newspapers have been so lately of records of atrocious crimes.

Anyway, here are T.R.D.'s facts:—

The ordinary Paris apache or hooligan invariably c a revolver, and most of the murders which have ha Paris have been committed with the ordinary six sho But these desperate men stop at nothing to gain their Prevost and Coulon, who planned an attack on a messenger, were armed in novel fashion. They planne kill the messenger in a way calculated to attract little n notice.

Coulon carried a bludgeon with which to stun the Prevost had a medical syringe charged with that most de of all poisons, prussic acid. He confessed that he had n to squirt this down the victim's throat, which would resulted in instant death.

A pistol which renders the person fired at uncons without seriously injuring him was found upon a hoo arrested in East London. The cartridges contained mixture of gunpowder, burned cayenne pepper and podium, the fumes of which caused the person fired a lose consciousness.

YOUR EDITO

WHAT'S ON AT THE SEASIDE.

MORE VALUABLE HINTS TO PLEASURE SEEKERS.

WEYMOUTH.

One of the most popular seaside resorts on the Dorset-shire coast; 143 miles from London. Return tickets from Waterloo (L. and S.W. Ry.) and Paddington (G.W.R.) are as follows: First class single 23s. 6d., second 15s., third 11s. 11d. Return tickets for six months: First 41s. 9d., second 28s. 2d. Week-end tickets (Friday to Tuesday): first 18s. 9d., second 12s. 9d., third 15s.

Bathing is taken from machine or saloon; the sands are firm and safe, and the sea never recedes far. At the Green-hill Gardens end of the bay two screens have been erected by the town for the comfort and privacy of bathers. Bathers who aspire to graceful diving can practise this from the pier-head before 8 a.m.

Weymouth is the headquarters of the Royal Dorset Yacht Club, whose club house is on the front, close to the town side of the Alexandra Gardens. The Dorset Regatta is held in August, soon after Cowes week. Sea-angling is very much encouraged by the Weymouth and Dorset Sea-Angling Society (headquarters, Marine Hotel), to which visitors are admitted to membership on payment of the nominal annual subscription of a shilling. There is a good nine-hole golf course at East Chickerell, and another on Came Downs, 2½ miles from Dorchester and 5½ miles from Weymouth. Visitors to the latter pay 1s. 6d. per day or 7s. per week. Clubs for the enjoyment of cricket, football, swimming, rowing, etc., are also to be found at Weymouth.

RAMSGATE.

The usual seaside attractions obtain in great abundance here. Pierrot troupes, alfresco concerts, etc., are numerous, and the town possesses a theatre wherein high-class touring companies may be seen every week. Sightseers should not miss visiting Pegwell Bay, close to Ramsgate and famous for its shrimps, and also for the shrimp-paste which has given a sort of village industry there. Holiday-makers may welcome a week's tour embracing several South Coast towns (including Ramsgate), such as is offered by Messrs. Cook, as follows:—

1st day: Leave London for Margate.
2nd day: At Margate.
3rd day: Rail to Ramsgate, Dover and Folkestone.
4th day: At Folkestone.
5th day: Rail to Hastings and Brighton.
6th and 7th days: At Brighton
8th day: Rail to London.

The fare, £3 13s. 6d. provides third class travel for the whole, bedrooms and full board, lights and service, for two days at Margate, two days at Folkestone, and three days at Brighton.

FOLKESTONE.

One of the most fashionable seaside towns in Kent. The Theatre and Pleasure Gardens are in Bouverie Road West. The theatre, seating 1,200 people, is in the central nave, and is visited by leading musical and dramatic companies on a tour. In an annexe is a large gymnasium, a specially equipped medical department, and a cycle school in which badminton is played in winter. There is an important lawn-tennis tournament, attended by many famous players of both sexes, in August. Visitors may join the lawn-tennis and croquet clubs at a moderate entrance fee.

Folkestone race course has become exceedingly popular with sportsmen, the distance from London—or rather the nearness of it—tending to its heavy patronage by city race-goers, who have no difficulty in getting back early after racing. There are both flat-racing and steeple-chase meet-ings. Folkestone is a busy golfing centre. A fine 18-hole course is only five minutes' walk from the Central Station. The club-house was opened in June, 1908, by the Rt. Hon. A. J. Balfour. Cricket matches held at Folkestone include matches against the M.C.C., I Zingari, the Free Foresters, and also the fixtures between Kent 2nd XI. and Surrey 2nd XI. The bowling club is captained by Mr. T. Med-hurst, of 7, Rendezvous Street, to whom visitors interested should apply for membership.

ILFRACOMBE.

The fisherman, the cricketer, the playgoer, the lover of music, and eke the rambler are all well catered for here. Alfresco concerts and other entertainments are a speciality of Ilfracombe. The scenery is described as second to none throughout England; and innumerable excursions may be made. The following are popular:—

(1) To Clovelly and back by motor coach.
(2) Char-a-banc to Lynton and back.
(3) By char-a-banc to Hunter's Inn, passing through the finest scenery in Devon.

CLEETHORPES.

A particularly bracing resort on the Lincolnshire coast, situated on a well-drained and clean sand-shore. The pier runs for a quarter of a mile out to sea. Here the orchestra supplies dance-music; and visitors who feel so inclined can foot it merrily to the lively measures. There is a bowling-green in the Pier Gardens, to which (including the Pier) an entrance fee of 2d. is charged. Cleethorpes vies with Black-pool in the possession of a "Pleasure Beach." Minstrels, pierrots, conjurors and ventriloquists are in great numbers; and switchbacks, hurdy gurdies, "aerial flights," "houp-la's," "cake-walks," etc., are profuse in their attractions. The latest is an importation from America, called the "Scenic 'Dip-the-Dips.'"

FISHING.—Sea-fishing from one of the "cobbles" is a very popular pastime with visitors; but many prefer the fresh-water angling that is to be had at Tetney and Thoresby, both of which villages are easily reached from Cleethorpes.

SWIMMING.—This is quite safe from the beach; but those who cannot stand totally immersing their bodies in water that has not been artificially "aired" will probably patronise the swimming-baths (sea water) on the promenade. The price of admission to this bath, which is thirty yards long, is sixpence. Friday afternoons are reserved for ladies. The golf links are at the end of the New King's Parade, and are of 18 holes, the shortest being 120 yards and the longest 580 yards. Visitors are charged for playing 2s. per day, 5s. per week, or 10s. per month.

Besides the pier concerts, evening entertainment is offered at the Empire Music Hall, which is open in the afternoon for dancing.

EASTBOURNE.

Apart from the ordinary attractions of a seaside resort, Eastbourne has special charms for the student of scenery and the historian. The following trips should not be neglected:—

Drive to Battle Abbey and back.
Drive to Beachy Head and back (in the morning).
Rail to Brighton and back.

TORQUAY.

A particularly picturesque spot, in the neighbourhood of Dartmouth, the River Dart, Totnes, and Dartmoor. Tor Bay is the most delightful indentation on the South Coast. Among other excursions the following should be included:—

Coach to Berry Pomeroy Castle.
Steamer trip across Tor Bay to Paignton and Brixham.

Both of these excursions can easily be compassed in an afternoon apiece.

BOOKS GALORE.

Students and others in search of cheap books on any subject cannot do better than write stating requirements to Messrs. W. and G. Foyle, 135, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C., who have a selection of over twenty catalogues listing new and second-hand books on every conceivable topic.

GAMBLERS OF THE NORTH.

STRANGE PROCEEDINGS IN A PUBLIC HOUSE.

While all Englishmen are gamblers, the men of the North are more fervid votaries of the Goddess of Chance than their southern brothers. The writer, who knows the northerner and his habits intimately, has had some curious experiences of the lengths to which such men as the Sheffield grinder and the Lancashire mill hand will go in his love for a wager.

It is not uncommon for a group of men living in an isolated district in the North to set aside one night a week for gambling to the heaviest extent. The Sheffield grinder often earns as much as £5 or £6 a week, but he will risk the whole of this amount on a single bet, time after time.

Quickest Drinker in Derbyshire.

They were mostly Sheffield grinders who crowded into a small low-roofed room of a lonely public house on the Derbyshire hills on the night the writer is about to memoralise. They were a strange crowd, but they had stranger habits.

The Chairman was a well-known prize fighter, and he maintained order with his huge hammer fist. "Gen'l'men," he said, "we've met here to-night for a bit o' sport."

And it was sport. One man had wagered that he would drink a gallon of beer inside 3½ minutes. Bets were freely offered and taken, and I saw as much as £5 being wagered on the result.

The beer was fetched and duly measured, then the adventurous spirit who was about to undertake the gargantuan task put the stone jar to his lips with a heathenish chuckle. You could see his throat working like the piston rod of a huge engine, and in the meanwhile the room quivered with the excitement that this strange feat had conjured up.

The time was taken by the landlord of the house, and after some moments of dreadful doubt he announced, amid an indescribable scene, that Bill So-and-So had won the 30s. put by for the quickest drinker in all Derbyshire.

The next item in that night's extraordinary programme was the announcement that a member of the company would eat ten pounds of beef steak in half an hour; the meat to be flanked by a huge dish of potatoes and a quart jug of beer. Excitement grew in intensity as the glutton shambled forward to take his place at a rough table on which the meat and potaoes were steaming, piping hot.

After the man had accomplished his task, with a few seconds to spare, the climax to that wonderful night's "entertainment" came.

A Gruesome Proceeding.

The chairman rose, and enforcing silence with a blow from his mighty fist, announced that there was a man in the company who had stated that he would kill a dozen rats with his teeth, and his hands tied behind him, as quick as any dog. The shout that went up from the bizarre company nearly lifted the roof.

Here was something after their own heart, and they would not be denied. The room was hastily cleared of all superfluous furniture. The professional rat catcher of the neighbourhood was peremptorily summoned and a dozen rats were quickly scuttling about the floor.

A tall, thin man, with a week's growth on his chin, submitted for his hands to be tied behind him, and then, with a snarl like a dog, dropped to the floor. What follows is too ghastly to print, but the man did what he said he would, and was received as a hero!

SPORTING MIXTURE.

Proceeds of the gambling in the casinos in France during the last five years amounted to nearly £2,000,000.

* * *

Oldroyd, of Yorkshire, scored 2 runs in an hour. And some people wonder why cricket's attraction is fading.

* * *

The owner of a fish-pond, disputing with a fisherman who was trespassing, said to him:

"Don't you see that sign, 'No fishing here'?"

The fisherman replied: "Yes, and I dispute it. Why, there's good fishing here; look at the string full. The man must have been mad who put up that sign."

IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PARS AND ANECDOTES OF WELL KNOWN PEOPLE.

Lord Meath, the founder of Empire Day, was an [illegible] boy, and is fond of telling a story associated with an [illegible] of the late Empress Frederick and her husband at Windsor.

He helped to drag her carriage up the Castle hill when he should have been otherwise engaged, and this involved a somewhat painful interview with the headmaster. The result was that in after-years he was able to inform Her Majesty that he had "shed blood for her sake."

* * *

BOLT INTO A CARRIAGE.

As a boy, Mr. Marconi, the inventor of wireless telegraphy, dreamed of inventions, and somewhere there is a curious steam engine which he made when in his teens.

He sent his first wireless message on his father's estate, the distance being two miles. One day, when out walking in Rome, someone happened to recognise him, and called him by name. He was immediately surrounded by a curious crowd who cheered him vociferously. The inventor, seeing what he thought was an empty carriage, made a bolt for it, and jumped inside.

The occupant, a lady, was too frightened to expostulate, and so she allowed him to remain until they were free of the crowd. It was only when the last enthusiast had been left behind that she realised the identity of her unexpected companion.

* * *

DUKE AND WHITE FLAG.

A curious little ceremony takes place every year in connection with the Duke of Marlborough's historic home, Blenheim Castle, where the great Unionist rally was held a few days ago. A little white flag with a gold embroidered fleur de lys is presented by the Duke each year at Windsor Castle.

Escorted by a ceremonious cortege, he then makes his way to the guard-room, where he places the trophy over the effigy of the great Duke of Marlborough. This quaint ceremony is a survival of the days of mediævalism, when a grateful nation presented the first Duke with £500,000 towards the building of Blenheim, immediately after the great battle from which the castle takes its name.

As a result, the Palace, like the Duke of Wellington's home, Strathfieldsaye, is held direct from the Crown, in lieu of rent the feudal practice of one miniature flag demanded.

* * *

SCENE IN THE COMMONS.

Chief Inspector Scantlebury, who has had charge of the House of Commons police for the last twelve years, is retiring at the end of this session, after thirty-four years' service in the force. "I suppose the greatest scene in my time," Mr. Scantlebury has said, "was when we had to remove the Irish members in 1901. It was the only time in the history of the House of Commons that policemen have been seen on the floor of the House. It is not likely to happen again, for, by the present Standing Orders, the Speaker can leave the chair and the House is adjourned."

* * *

BOWING CUSTOM AT A CASTLE.

Earl Radnor, now in his forty-fifth year, is descended from a merchant who came over from Flanders in the fifteenth century.

Like his father and mother, his lordship is a spiritualist, and the story is told that the late Earl's invariable custom was to bow three times to the three towers of the triangular built Longford Castle.

He died in 1900, and carried the secret with him. But the present earl (so the story goes), by means of spiritualism, obtained the information from a trance medium that there was an old legend in the family calling upon

> The owner of Longford, where'er ye be,
> Turn and bow with bends full three,
> And call on the name of the Trinitie,
> Or Castle and lands will pass from thee.

The Modern Woman's Realm.

No girl ever sees a good-looking young man without speculatively wondering whose sweetheart he is.

* * *

A girl can love almost any man that her parents are willing to object to.

* * *

Old Maids and Progress.

In advocating the banishment of all old maids to some lonely islands "where they could not hinder the progress of humanity," the Rev. Elmer Huffer, of Colorado, has come in for some stinging criticism.

Miss Helen Gould, who devotes the greater portion of her income of £100,000 to philanthropic objects, has told him "a great many bachelor maids are not living alone because they so choose, but because they have been unable to find a suitable companion. . . If I had found a suitable helpmate I might have spent my money in a different way, and a way that might not have done as much good as now. Before preaching on this subject again, think this matter over and make up your mind that there is some good in living a single life."

Mr. Huffer feels certain that Miss Gould's nobleness would be greatly enhanced if she were married, and as she could never be sure, because of her riches, of being wooed for herself alone, the clergyman has advised her "If she desires real enjoyment and happiness to accept a position in the backwoods incognito, or to disguise herself as a waitress and seek work in a cheap restaurant, or work as a chambermaid. . . Perhaps then she will find a righteous and industrious man who would love her for her self and for her charming personality."

* * *

Many London women spend £500 a year at the perfumer's shop.

* * *

A man is apt to be fooling himself when he thinks he is fooling his wife.

* * *

Shock to City Elders.

Considerable alarm has been caused in Glasgow among the elders of the City at the appearance of women in the gardens of Kelvin-road and Hillhead enjoying a cigarette of an afternoon. The habit was introduced by English golfers at the ladies' championship at Turnberry.

Now not only are Scottish women to be seen smoking in public places, but at afternoon and evening parties given by a certain coterie in a fashionable suburb a smoking-room is specially provided for women guests.

The first instance of smoking in public by women of which any notice was taken was at a banquet given in London in aid of a famous woman's college at which several Cabinet Ministers were present. On that occasion, immediately the Royal toast had been honoured, several of the women guests, all well known people, lighted cigarettes and daintily puffed away as unconcernedly as if in the privacy of their boudoirs.

* * *

Love is largely a matter of eyes and sighs and lies—say the wise.

* * *

Witch and Her Fee.

Although over a hundred years have passed since the last trial for witchcraft, in the secluded parts of the country belief in the power of philtres and other superstitions still exists.

In no part of the country is witchcraft so commonly believed in as in the Culm Valley in Devonshire, where, local tradition says, there are enough witches to roll a hogshead of cider up a steep hill.

Not very long ago a young woman of that district, who entertained a feeling of bitterness for a false lover, went to the house of a reputed witch, with a view to getting him put under a spell. The witch readily promised to subject the recalcitrant man to excruciating torture, but her fee being considered too high the intended victim was accordingly spared.

Clever device of a wife who objects to ashes on the rugs.

Pretty Ways of Proposing.

In remote Alpine hamlets and villages, especially in the Bernese Oberland, there still exist ancient and pretty customs of proposing marriage by the language of flowers.

If a maid accepts a bouquet of edelweiss from a man she at the same time accepts him as her fiancé, the idea being that the man has risked his life to obtain the flowers for the woman he loves, though, of course, a bunch of edelweiss is not very expensive.

Another method, which also exists in the Canton of Glarus, is for the young man to place a flower-pot containing a single rose, and a note, on the window-sill of the girl's room, when she is absent from home, and wait—perhaps days—for a reply.

If the maid takes the rose, the young man boldly enters the house to arrange matters with her parents, but if the rose is allowed to fade away, the proposal is rejected without a single word having been exchanged between the couple.

* * *

A girl always pretends that she doesn't want to be kissed.

7 PATTERNS FREE

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August Dressmaker

Special Seaside & Holiday Dress No.

On Sale at all Newsagents, price 2d., or direct from Publishers, for Three Stamps.—Bowerman's Dressmaker, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, E.C.

SWINDLES.

A CRIMINAL'S REVELATIONS.

By WORMWOOD PORTLAND.

30.—MY RAILWAY ACCIDENT SWINDLE.

[*We desire it to be thoroughly understood that the names of all the people mentioned in these articles are fictitious. Where reference is made to men or women still alive, any indication as to their actual identity has been removed from the manuscript.*—EDITOR.]

It's an ill wind that blows no one any good. There are not many such winds—something can generally be made out of the sorrows, troubles, and misfortunes of others; a bit of ready money can often be squeezed out of a broken heart, so to speak. One man's calamity is frequently another man's opportunity; and in the case of a calamity in which many are involved such an opportunity is, of course, enlarged.

What I call my Railway Accident Swindle is a particularly pleasing reminiscence on which to look back in this connection, and I shall thoroughly enjoy dictating a report of it.

(*I told you at the very beginning of these revelations that I was broken to the world, after all my successes—broken in mind, body, and estate, laid literally on my back, unable even to use my own hand in the preparation of the manuscript by which I hoped to raise the wind for drink and food; and my fingers are almost nerveless still.*)

Night Express Off the Line.

First a few details of the accident, and then full details of the swindle. Of the former the papers were full a few hours after its occurrence. The limited night express from King's Cross to Edinburgh had gone off the line near Newcastle-on-Tyne. Instead of, as is generally the case, exaggerating the number of casualties, the first lists, distressing though they were, under-estimated them. With the later lists, almost one by one, the enumeration of killed and wounded went on lengthening. It was harrowing to read them; the total was appalling. But for me those lists had an interest of another sort. I saw my way to something.

(*A man has been passing up and down in front of my hiding place for more than an hour.*)

Waiting till the final list was out, with the addresses as well as the names of all the dead and injured, except the few still unidentified, I went down from London to Newcastle. It would have been possible to work my purposed swindle from where I was, or from anywhere else, and I should have saved myself the journey had I been stony at the time. But I wasn't short of a few pounds, and the advantages of operating from the immediate neighbourhood of the actual scene of the accident were important enough to outweigh entirely the consideration of the expenses of the trip.

Arrived at Newcastle, I took a couple of rooms in one of the working-class suburbs of the big town, and got to work at once. All I had to do was to write letters, but there were so many of them to be written that I hadn't a minute of leisure. Leaving off for scarcely anything but meals and a few hours of sleep, I wrote those letters day and night. They were addressed to bereaved relatives of the victims of the sad accident from which I was going to reap a harvest of splosh.

(*I should think nothing of that man outside if I were not fully aware of the fact that I am "wanted."*)

How the Letters were Written.

The composition of my letters had to be a little varied, though not much; and this variation necessitated a little simply effected analysis of the complete list of the dead, and the division of the addresses into classes. In the case of a dead man, stated to be married, I wrote to the widow: in the case of a woman stated to be married I addressed the widower.

Other letters were to "the father, mother, or [illegible] relative of the late so-and-so,"—others, again, merely "the representative of." The injured I left out of my plan of operations altogether. I made a further differentiation between the defunct passengers by noting, wherever it was stated, the class by which they had been travelling—first, ing Pulman car, and ordinary first-class, second, and third. The two first-named I lumped together, the two last I kept separate. Apart from sundry minor differences of matter and manner, my letters shaped themselves into two main classifications. I can give, from memory, a [illegible] literal sample of each, leaving out the trimmings.

(*I have had my chair pushed to the window, and from behind the curtain have looked out. The man appears to be a navvy, out of work, or on strike. Perhaps he is one, for I don't recognise him. I know most of them by sight, you will know of whom I am thinking—certainly not navvies—and can generally spot one, even if I don't know him, either "by sight" or more intimately.*)

Sample Number One.

Sample number one:—Pulman car and first-class—

"I take up my pen to write to you on account of the
"terryable ackerdent, being a platelayer, and was sent for
"to repare the line, which was how I found the papers in
"pocket-book, which had fell from your poor husband's
"pocket, and nobody found them but me, being letters about
"money that was owed to him in secret by a party, and
"would be paid on going to a lawyer, with the lawyer's
"address, and other things beyond my mind to understand
"being a very poor man and quite unable to come to you
"and will give them to nobody but your own hands, being
"so private. There is also a insurance ticket for a one
"thousand pounds, evidentially took out all correckt by you
"poor husband, my fare with a bit for my poor wife and
"children not to starve while I am away to put them in my
"own hands being £3 three pounds please do not send
"for my honesty till you have see me and they are in your
"hands as there is something private that should not come
"out, no never except to you."

Dealing with the Women.

With this first letter, I made use of dead men almost exclusively. With the letter per sample number two, I made free use of dead women as well. It opened in the same words, but went on:—

". . . I found a paper called —— —— (here I named a popular weekly), which has a insurance coupon for a one thousand pounds £1,000 filled in all correckt and proper with the name of —— —— quite plain in pencil, which the coupon says is for the next of kin and will be paid by the Insurance Company but you must have the paper with the coupon or no money. The Insurance agent man of the Company here has offer me £5 five pounds for the paper when I show him the coupon signed —— ——, but I no I will be honest though not enough to eat and not to myself into trouble. I shall send you the paper quite being no use to me if you telegraph £1 one pound or so to me but I say telegraph because the time is so short now for giving notice to the Insurance Company for money of one thousand pounds and I could not get word adress before but have now see it in the news paper."

Third Class Most Profitable.

It was this second letter that paid me better of the two, though both paid me well. I made more out of the third-classes than any other classes, or rather from the greedy though bereaved relatives. My experience was that of the Railway Companies—it's the third-class traffic that pays. I nearly broke the local post office in carrying out orders. I know the police were hot on my track when I cleared out of Newcastle, but I cleared.

And what a time I had with that money while it lasted! Just after I'd got rid of the last stiver I was knocked over by the infernal attack that has laid me low. But I've been picking up a bit lately, and shall soon be at the old game again now.

(*Shall I? The man outside has been joined by another man. The other man is disguised—in plain clothes. He was in uniform when I saw him last—in Newcastle-on-Tyne. Are the navvy's clothes of the first man a disguise? I saw the*

An ambulance coming round the corner. I must beckon for it. Am I the "accident"? Is it to be a visit to the infirmary first and the other thing—and the other place—afterwards?

I've been recalling and narrating "sell" a[illegible] thinking now of a very different kind of "cell." [illegible] abruptly, take it from me that (after a bit) I've got in it.

LLOYD GEORGE'S VITAL OMISSIONS.

SOME BAD FLAWS IN THE INSURANCE ACT.

An Act of Parliament which compels a person to insure against sickness without any guarantee whatever from the Government that the minimum benefits will be received, is surely a gross injustice to the working people of this country.

As we have already made clear, *Modern Man* has no political bias. Just as we condemn a bad measure passed by any political Party, so do we give our hearty support to any deserving legislation enforced, whether by a Tory or a Liberal Government.

And in connection with Mr. Lloyd George's Insurance Bill we are decidedly in two minds. The Bill is like the famous curate's egg—good in parts. And, unfortunately, it is also bad in not a few others.

Question of Guarantee.

First of all, consider the question of what happens when an Approved Society is found not to have been properly conducted. Does the Government give any guarantee to the unfortunate men and women who, of course, lose by this? This is simply how the case stands.

The contributions are paid, and allocated to the different uses—sick benefit, unemployment, and so forth. Then at the end of three years every approved society must have an actuarial valuation, which will show whether their financial position is sound or otherwise. It stands to reason that if the concern has been badly or uneconomically managed, there will be a deficiency of funds. And now what happens? Does the Government wind up the society and reimburse its working subscribers? Again, no.

All that happens is this. The Society is faced with two alternatives, either to *decrease the benefits* (a very irksome expedient) or merely to "make good" by *increasing the contributions*. It is hard to decide which is the greater hard ship on the enforced subscriber.

An Important Point.

This we wish to emphasise it to the full—is a very grave flaw in the Act. Of course we are perfectly ready to give Mr. George every credit for his good intentions, and every allowance for the fact that the measure was rushed through the House before one-half of the many possibly adverse considerations that might result from its provisions could be given adequate consideration.

But we assert, without fear of any kind, that this question of guaranteeing the working public against loss by unsoundly conducted approved societies is a point which Mr. George should not have passed over for a single moment. It should have been the first to strike him.

In conversation with an influential member of one of the biggest Insurance Companies the writer broached further important points, and gleaned some useful information.

What the Government Allows.

The amount that the Government allows the approved societies per member is 3s. 8d. And herein is an interesting point. In the case of a small society the 3s. 8d. allowed is not enough, the expenses actually working out at 4s. or more per head. This means that the extra 4d. will have to come out of the members' pockets, the fairness of which is certainly open to serious question.

Of course in the biggest societies something different may be said. Take, for instance, the Prudential Approved Society. Which is the largest approved society under the Act.

The Prudential is practically national as it is, and after actual calculation it is computed that the cost of working the Government scheme will be only 2s. 6d. per head instead of 3s. 8d. So that, theoretically, the Prudential gets a clear profit of 1s. 2d. on each person insured. Actually, however, this will go into the pockets of the members, for they will not only be able to be given the full benefits of the Act, but a bonus, as it were, in addition.

Unfortunately, however, all the approved societies are not in the happy position of the Prudential.

Paying Members to Join.

Now, here is another grave side-light. We say, without fear of contradiction, for we have documentary proof in our possession, that some societies are actually paying potential members for joining. When you buy a coat and the tailor "presents" you with a "gratis" pair of boots with it, you know perfectly well that those boots are paid for out of the profit made on the coat.

It is the same with societies that pay people for joining. The money thus given is simply taken out of the money paid by the subscriber.

I have before me as I write a leaflet issued by a society, one paragraph of which reads, in effect, as follows:—

"To each person signing membership with this society the sum of sixpence will be given for so doing." You could not have much plainer evidence than that.

Doubt on Investments.

It is difficult to say what the Government is doing, or intends to do, with the money it is getting. It is presumable, however, that these funds will be invested. I say "will" for it admits of some doubt whether the State has yet actually collected very much. It is to be hoped that the Government will do well in the matter of investment; but what we want to know is:—

1.—When will the Government make over the first payment to the approved societies?

2.—What will it do with the interest accruing from the payments collected by Health Insurance stamps?

3.—Who is to benefit, the Government or the public?

4.—Why is it the benefits offered by the Government are less than those offered by the approved societies?

MODERN MAN LEAGUE.

Membership of the League is open to all regular readers of this paper. There is no subscription, nor do members undertake any other liability. The League, with its thousands of members, has been the means of bringing into touch men of similar tastes and making friendships all over the world.

The wearing of the League Badge gives you the privilege of an introduction to other members in whatever part of the country you happen to be.

The League badge is obtainable in the following forms, and at the following prices:

Gold-plated tie-pin	6d.	Solid silver tie-pin	1s.
Gold-plated safety-pin	6d.	Solid silver safety-pin	1s.
Gold-plated lapel or cap badge	6d.	Solid silver lapel or cap badge	1s.
Gold-plated pendant for watch chain	6d.	Solid silver pendant for watch-chain	1s.

9-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant ..... 6s.
18-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant ..... 12s.

Fill up the coupon, striking out the words which do not apply, enclose it with a P.O. to cover the price of the badge you select, and post your letter to the Editor, MODERN MAN, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, E.C. Please write the word "League" on the top left-hand corner of your envelope.

APPLICATION FORM.

Please enrol me as a Member of MODERN MAN League and forward me a Badge of Membership, for which I enclose P.O. value.....

I desire the Badge to be of 18-ct. gold, 9-ct. gold, solid silver, gold-plated; and it is to be fitted as a tie-pin, a safety-pin, a pendant for the watch-chain, a lapel or cap badge. (Strike out the words which do not apply.)

Signature.....

Address.....

.....

Rapid Physical Development

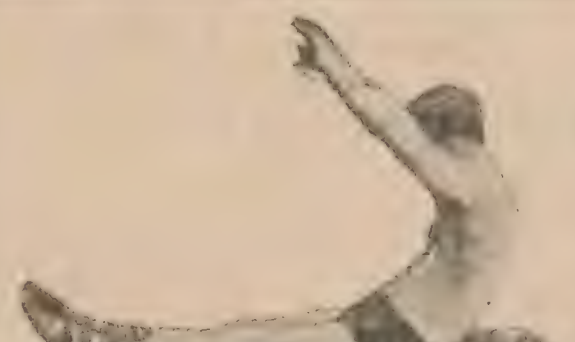
BY OUR PHYSICAL CULTURE EXPERT.

Abdominal Muscles.

The development of the muscles of the abdomen, or, to put it in good, plain English, the stomach is a matter of first-rate importance to every man, no matter what his circumstances or walk in life.

Strong stomach muscles greatly lessen the athlete's, and more particularly the weight-lifter's, liability to rupture from overstrain.

Regular exercise of the stomach muscles will not only prevent but cure, or certainly greatly alleviate the constipation and digestive troubles that so often beset the sedentary worker.



Exercise for Stomach Muscles.

Regular exercise of the stomach muscles will not only prevent but cure, or certainly greatly alleviate the constipation and digestive troubles that so often beset the sedentary worker.

Stomachic muscularity is a big asset to a boxer when it comes to receiving body punishment. Bombardier Wells's weak point is his lack of muscle about the "solar plexus."

This week then I give a couple of free or non-apparatus exercises for the muscles of the stomach.

First Exercise.

Lie down full length on your back on the floor. Now, by contracting the muscles of the stomach, bend the body until you come to a sitting position, with the hands clasped at the back of the head, though to help you to rise you will have to keep them in front of the face, as shown in illustration.

Then slowly recline until you are flat on your back again, and repeat until tired, but not exhausted.

Second Exercise.

With your face to the floor bend or lie down until you are at full length, with the whole weight of the body supported at one end on your toes, and at the other on your hands, the arms being perfectly straight and rigid, so that your chest is arm's length from the floor.

Now bend your arms until you can touch the floor with your chin, or if you like pick up in your mouth a cork or handkerchief already placed in position.

Then press back until you are again at arm's length from the floor, and repeat until tired.

When pressing upwards be careful not to allow the body to bend.

This is a very good exercise not only for the stomach, but for the triceps muscles of the arms, and the whole of the muscles of the body in general.

Goggles and Freckles.

"Disfigured" (Isleworth) asks if I know of any preventive or cure of freckling by which he says he suffers much disfigurement in summer time?

Oddly enough the *British Medical Journal* has lately been devoting some attention to this very subject; and, writing in its columns, Dr. George Pernet recommends the person who suffers much from freckling to try wearing coloured glasses or goggles.

The learned doctor's theory is that freckling, more especially the freckling that occurs even when the skin is protected from the sun, is due to the action of the actinic or chemical rays of the sun on the retinæ of the eyes, the effect of these rays being to cause, through the eyes, disturbance of the pigment of the skin with resultant freckles.

Goggles cut out the actinic rays of the sun, and therefore prevent freckling.

While the matter has not been definitely inquired into there appears to be reason for believing that blind persons are rarely if ever freckled.

I recommend my correspondent and other sufferers from freckling to take Dr. Pernet's advice, and try the effect of wearing goggles when exposed to the sun.

Answers to Correspondents.

J. McA. (Corstorphine).—Your measurements are quite good. It is a great mistake to use an exer... which you can only expand with diff... culty. That is the way to get a strained heart.

GEORGE D. (Edgware Road).—Quoits is a capital exercise which develops strength in the arms and shoulders, dexterity in the wrist, and teaches you to judge distance. Hold the quoit with the fore-finger along the outer edge, tip in the dent, keeping ing the two surface between the thumb and other fingers. By wri... work try to put a slight spin on the quoit so that it does not fall flat but at an angle of 30 degrees to the ground.

D. R. J. (Lichfield).—The two commonest causes of defection for the Army are under chest measurement and bad teeth.

M. H. (Rickmansworth).—Don't have anything to eat or drink for at least two hours before having "laughing gas." The risk of death under "gas" is infinitesimal, assuming you are reasonably healthy. On the other hand, even perfectly sound persons are often dangerously affected by local anæsthetics injected to the gums.

T.C.B. (Holborn).—In diving from even a moderate height it is advisable to wear ear-plugs.

ROBERTO (Nottingham).—If the server at lawn tennis miss the ball altogether, he has another serve.

R. S. (Weymouth).—Measurements excellent. You say you are going to start lawn tennis. Let me advise you not to start playing right away. Practise for a week beforehand by knocking a tennis ball up against a wall, on which you have marked a line 3ft. high in the middle, rising to 3ft 6in. at the ends. This practice will save you from getting into a bad style, or becoming disgusted with the difficulties of the game.

FALSTAFF (Godalming).—Most of the advertised remedies for reducing fat are worse than useless. A friend assures me that the marrow or core of mutton bones will quickly take off fat, but the effect is only temporary. Diet is the main thing.

BRAIN (Portsmouth).—For development of will-p... apply the St. Settef Institute (Dept. M), Perth, N.B.

F.M. (Margate).—Apply ammoniated mercurial ointment night and morning, and you should be cured in two days at the outside. One application may be enough.

HEIGHT INCREASED.

IF you are under forty, I can increase your height by from two to three inches within three months, by means of my special exercises. No appliances, no drugs, no special diet. Send three penny stamps for particulars of my system. ARTHUR GIRVAN, Specialist in the Increase of Height (Dept. MM), 17, Stroud Green Road, London, N.

OTHER MEN'S ESTIMATION OF YOU

depends very largely upon the Strength of your Will-Power and Personality. "The St. Settef Course of Will-Culture" (entered at Stationers' Hall) explicitly teaches how to develop **YOUR** Will-Power and Personality—**YOUR** Powers of Concentration, Self-Reliance, Self-Control and Personal Magnetism to double their present strength in a few months. Your face and bearing will denote increased Strength of Character. The **YOU WILL RISE IN THE ESTIMATION OF THE MEN YOU MEET.** The fee for the whole Course (four absorbingly interesting lessons) is only 2/6 (foreign postage 4d. extra). This is your total expenditure. Course sent in plain sealed package. Enrol to-day. Next week will see you delighted with your progress. THE ST. SETTEF INSTITUTE (Dept. M.), PERTH, N.B.

"The Modern Man" recommends our Course (see issue dated June 5th).

When replying to Advertisements, please don't forget to mention "Modern Man."

MOTOR AND PEDAL CYCLING.

PROGRESS OF THE FREE EXCHANGE BUREAU.

A capital reception has been given the Free Exchange Bureau, started for the benefit of readers who have a motor or pedal cycle which they wish to dispose of or those who wish to secure an exchange or purchase.

The only stipulation which *Modern Man* makes in connection with its latest offer is that a reader must make his requirements known in not more than twelve words, to be written on the coupon printed in the next column.

Please state in your letter if you prefer a box number or your address to appear in the advertisement.

THE CYCLE CAR.

The ever increasing popularity of motor cycling has induced a number of enterprising manufacturers to concentrate their brains and energies on the production of a comparatively new form of vehicle for two passengers.

Cycle-cars, which is the name given to these machines, are practically miniature motor cars, with air-cooled engine, and driven on the motor cycle principle, weighing approximately 7½ cwts., and costing complete somewhere about £110.

It would ill become me to criticise this new industry, which is at present only in its infancy, but it must be admitted at present the general run of cycle-cars is far from being satisfactory, and vast improvements will have to be made if they are to supersede the side car as a passenger vehicle.

Question of Cost.

In the first place, there is the question of cost to be considered. When one can purchase a reliable touring side car outfit for about £70, or even less, it is only natural that before laying out an extra £40 or so besides the increased cost of upkeep, one is justified in expecting some very substantial advantages to warrant this additional outlay.

A difficult obstacle to be overcome in the manufacture of these vehicles is the question of weight, a light four-wheeler with a powerful engine means excessive vibration, which not only renders travelling uncomfortable, but loosens nuts, bolts and fittings generally, the machine eventually falling to pieces.

On the other hand, increased weight necessitates a higher powered engine, heavier fittings, larger tyres, and consequently increased price until the whole turnout practically borders on a motor car.

New Reliability Tests.

Up to the present little opportunity has been afforded the public of judging the capabilities of cycle cars, and as trials and reliability trials for them have been very few, and the entries so scant, as to even necessitate cancelment of some events. This is a pity, for, like every good motor cycle on the market, the cycle car will have to prove its worth in reliability trials before large and profitable sales can be expected.

But even should this be the case, I am of opinion that the future of the cycle car lies more as a rival of the commercial motor car for light delivery purposes than of the side car as a passenger vehicle.

Use of Speed Gear.

Change-speed gears are becoming more and more in vogue every cycling season, but nine out of every ten possessors have greatly mistaken ideas of using them. For instance, a cyclist switches on the low gear and imagines that his speed uphill will be increased enormously. He therefore pedals fast up the hill, and is surprised to reach the top exhausted, and to be passed on the way by riders of plain gears. It cannot be too strongly emphasised that the object of the low gear is not increased speed, but increased ease. With the low gear it is possible to climb steep hills with a minimum of exertion, but at a reduced pace. The effect of this on the day's mileage is considerable, as the rider, after mounting the hill, is fresh and fit for his subsequent exertions.

In regard to hill climbing with a plain geared machine, the best results are obtained by leaning forward over the handlebars, but on a long hill a change of position is beneficial, and the rider may lean backwards, pulling steadily the while. Riding through deep mud and against a head wind come under the same category as hill climbing, but in the latter case it is absolutely necessary to lean forward in order to diminish the surface presented to the wind.

MOTOR CYCLES.

Kerry 2¾ h.p.; splendid order, spare valves and tyre, £11.—C. R. Lucato, 53, Brixton Road, S.W.

Minerva 2 h.p.; good condition; exchange for higher power.—R. Benn, 23, Sudbourne Road, Brixton.

DeDion 2¾ h.p., 1912 B. and B; new tubes, lamp, horn, two new accs.; guaranteed running order; for sale, £13 10s.—Box 1, "Modern Man," Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Bat, J.A.P., 9, twin magneto, suit side-car, £29 10s.—Motor Box 2, "Modern Man," Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Indian, 5-6, twin magneto; M.O.V., splendid pace, £28.—Motor Box 3, "Modern Man," Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Avon, 3½-h.p., spring forks, h.b. control, £14.—Motor Box 4, "Modern Man," Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Bradbury, 1911, free engine, 3½ h.p. What offers?.—Motor Box 5, "Modern Man," Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Enfield, 2¾ h.p., two-speed, all accessories, perfect order, £30.—Motor Box 6, "Modern Man," Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Enfield lightweight, chain drive, new, £25. Accept pedal cycle part exchange.—Motor Box 7, "Modern Man," Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Humber, 3½ h.p., two-speed, just been overhauled, £27 10s.—Motor Box 8, "Modern Man," Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Matchless, 6 h.p., 1911, three speed, £50.—Motor Box 9 "Modern Man," Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Minerva, 2¾ h.p., footboards, Whittle belt, Michelin tyres, £9.—Motor Box 10, "Modern Man," Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

CYCLES.

Royal Enfield, 1910, Dunlop tyres, free wheel, £5 or near offer.—Cycle Box 1, "Modern Man," Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

All-black Sunbeam, used very little, £10.—Cycle Box 2, "Modern Man," Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Coventry Eagle, fitted 3-speed gear, new tyres, £4 4s.—Cycle Box 3, "Modern Man," Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

New Hudson, light road racer, cost 10 guineas, coaster brake, For sale, £4 cash.—A. Collings, 83, Duke Street, Old Trafford, Manchester.

Gent's cycle, coaster hub, and 24 in. centre lathe (treadle); exchange for 3-speed cycle, 24 in. frame.—A. McCann, 28, Springwell Place, Edinburgh.

COUPON.

Motor and Pedal Cycle Exchange.

Name and Address_____

STOCKS AND SHARES

BY THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

What with a nineteen-day account and the holidays there is little doing on the Stock Exchange.

* * *

Home Rails made some show of strength last week, but prices are slipping back again, although we are now free of dividend announcements and the dock strike.

* * *

Great Northern distinguished themselves by paying a similar dividend to a year ago, which makes Great Northern Deferred look cheap at about £50.

* * *

Great Easterns are a good purchase, and I still recommend Districts for any amount.

* * *

The South Eastern Report is good reading, but the deferred stand quite high enough, although the future, with Kent coal to take into account, is good.

* * *

Cements should considerably appreciate in price now the labour trouble is subsiding.

* * *

The cleverly engineered advertising campaign of the Emba Caspian Oil Company seems to have borne fruit.

* * *

The prospectus of the Emba Caspian appeared on Wednesday last, and it was announced in the afternoon of the same day that the lists had been closed. Readers can shortly look to buy shares at a discount.

* * *

Do not touch Mexican Railway Ordinary. Revolution is still rife in Mexico.

* * *

The last of the Nassarawa scandal—we now hear there is a proposal to wind up the company.

* * *

The Nigerian Tin Share market is keeping very firm, and I reiterate my advice of last week that the small investor who can afford to lock up a little money should invest now.

* * *

The pick of the bunch are Rayfield, Nigerian Tin Corporation, Northern Nigeria Bauchi Ordinary or Pref.

* * *

Rubber shares are a good market, and are worth the attention of investors. The raw material is rising in price, and the shares generally of all dividend-paying companies are cheap.

* * *

The best of the Penny Bazaar Shares are Chersonese, Kamuning, Merlimau, and Straits Bertram.

* * *

The public favourites among dividend payers are Anglo Malay, Linggi and Vallambrosa.

* * *

Brokers want business, and those of my readers who can afford to lock up money in good things at present prices have a rare opportunity.

* * *

There is nothing special doing in the Oil market. Premier Pipes are good, and also Maikop Pipe Line.

* * *

I have great faith in both of these lines, and in the next oil boom one can look for these shares to easily treble in price.

* * *

The interim report of the Anglo Maikop Corporation was issued last week. This concern is interested in nearly all the successful oil companies in the Maikop field, and has a big future.

I am receiving numerous enquiries regarding Galician Oil Land and Royalties Trust Limited. I can say in reply that reliable experts speak most favourably of property.

* * *

The report of George Newnes, Ltd., for the year ended June 30th, shows a considerable increase in profits, dividend of 10 per cent. on Ordinary shares and the forward looks healthy.

* * *

American Rails are a rising market. Crop reports very bullish. We favour Union Pacifics and Rock Island Common.

* * *

Canadian Pacifics are again actively on the move, the June traffic statement being excellent.

* * *

Another sign that revolution is rampant in Mexico is fied by a cablegram stating that fresh disturbances broken out in and around Tominil. The result being Tominils have fallen to 3s.

* * *

We understand that the British Foreign Office has informed of the position, and is making representatio the Mexican Government demanding protection for the pany's property.

BRIEF REPLIES.

C.N. (Lincolnshire).—I will make enquiries regardin company you write about, and send you reply by post.

INVESTOR.—Premier Oil and Maikop Pipe Line a right, but I cannot advise you to buy British Burmah.

E.S. (Edinburgh).—All rails are worth buying just but for preference Great Northern Deferred and M politan District.

SPECULATOR.—The Tin mining market is like prove the best as well as the safest, as most of the s have touched bottom.

C. JONES (Manchester).—Yes. The prospectus was lished last week, and the lists have been closed.

H.L. (Norwood).—We advice you to wait, as there i tain to be further action in the Law, Car and General

F.B. (Leeds).—You cannot do better than invest money in Grand Trunk Third Pref.

C.B. (Weymouth).—Sell your Mexican Railway Ord buy Metropolitan Districts.

S.R. (Brighton).—Do not speculate with your small ings. It would be safer in the P.O. Savings Bank.

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CORRESPONDENT'S BUREAU.

BRIEF REPLIES TO VARIOUS QUESTIONS.

MORAY RAMBLER (Elgin).—Very sorry, but we don't know "the names of firms who buy moths." Probably your best chance of disposing of a collection would be to some museum.

RAILWAY (Irvine) asks whether it is correct for a railway servant to raise his uniform cap to a lady. An officer or soldier does not raise his military headgear to a lady, but salutes her, and we think that when in uniform "Railway" should do the same.

R.E. (Norwich).—Apply to the Crown Agents for the Colonies, Whitehall Gardens, London, S.W.

C.P. (Gronday?).—The reason so many people are chicken-chested is insufficient attention to physical training in our national schools. It is a sign of weakness.

P.S. (Bristol).—Yes, Quaker Oats.

LANCASHIRE LAD (Preston).—Under the new F.A. rule the outer casing of the football must now be of leather, thus ruling out the rubber-covered balls that were tried a season or two ago.

R.L.M. (Brighton) asks whether we think that a person who is suffering from incurable and malignant disease, such as cancer, is justified in committing suicide?

We think this is a question that every man must answer for himself.

T.C. (Notting Hill Gate).—Certainly a woman can be sued for breach of promise, but we never heard of a man being awarded damages in such a case.

NEW ZEALANDER (Ludgate Circus).—It was Macaulay who said the time might come when some "New Zealand artist shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruin of St. Paul's."

Personally we think that any sketching of this kind is more likely to be done by some victorious Teuton dauber and invader.

J.R. (Chepstow).—Neither whip nor bridle may be placed in the scales when a jockey is weighing out or weighing in.

M.P.T. (Manchester).—A footballer may now receive as much as 50 per cent. of his transfer fee, but he cannot claim it as a right. In the event of a dispute the player has the right of appeal to the Football Association.

VIOLET (Paddington).—We daresay we could find you an "*eligguble* young man;" but, dear girl, this is not a matrimonial bureau. Sorry, but this is the cold, unpalatable truth, which we all have to hear sometimes. Is yours the "noo spelin"?

C. McD. (Cork).—A professional footballer may be a Territorial, but precious few of them are. We don't mean to imply that the footballer is more averse to serving his country than any other class of man, but it is difficult for him to combine Territorial duties with football. For instance, Territorial parades are often held on Saturday afternoons when the footballer would be engaged in playing eight months in the year.

A.L. (Walton-on-Naze).—When taking out an insurance policy it is usually wise to take a profit-sharing one. It costs a little more, but is worth it.

As a rule a policy has no "surrender value" until two years' premiums have been paid.

C.S.T. (Bolton).—An Artillery officer is said to "get his jacket" when he is appointed to the Royal Horse Artillery, the R.H.A.'s officer's jacket being almost plastered with gold braid.

B.J.A. (Edinburgh).—Territorials are expressly exempted from being employed against strikers.

OUT FOR SUET.

An Aberdeen woman entered a butcher's shop and planked a copper on the counter with the polite request: "Wad ye kindly obleege me wi' cheenge for a penny?"

The butcher handed her two "bawbees" from the till.

"Thenk ye kindly," she said, as she slowly picked them up. "Wad ye no be giein's a bit suet wi't?"

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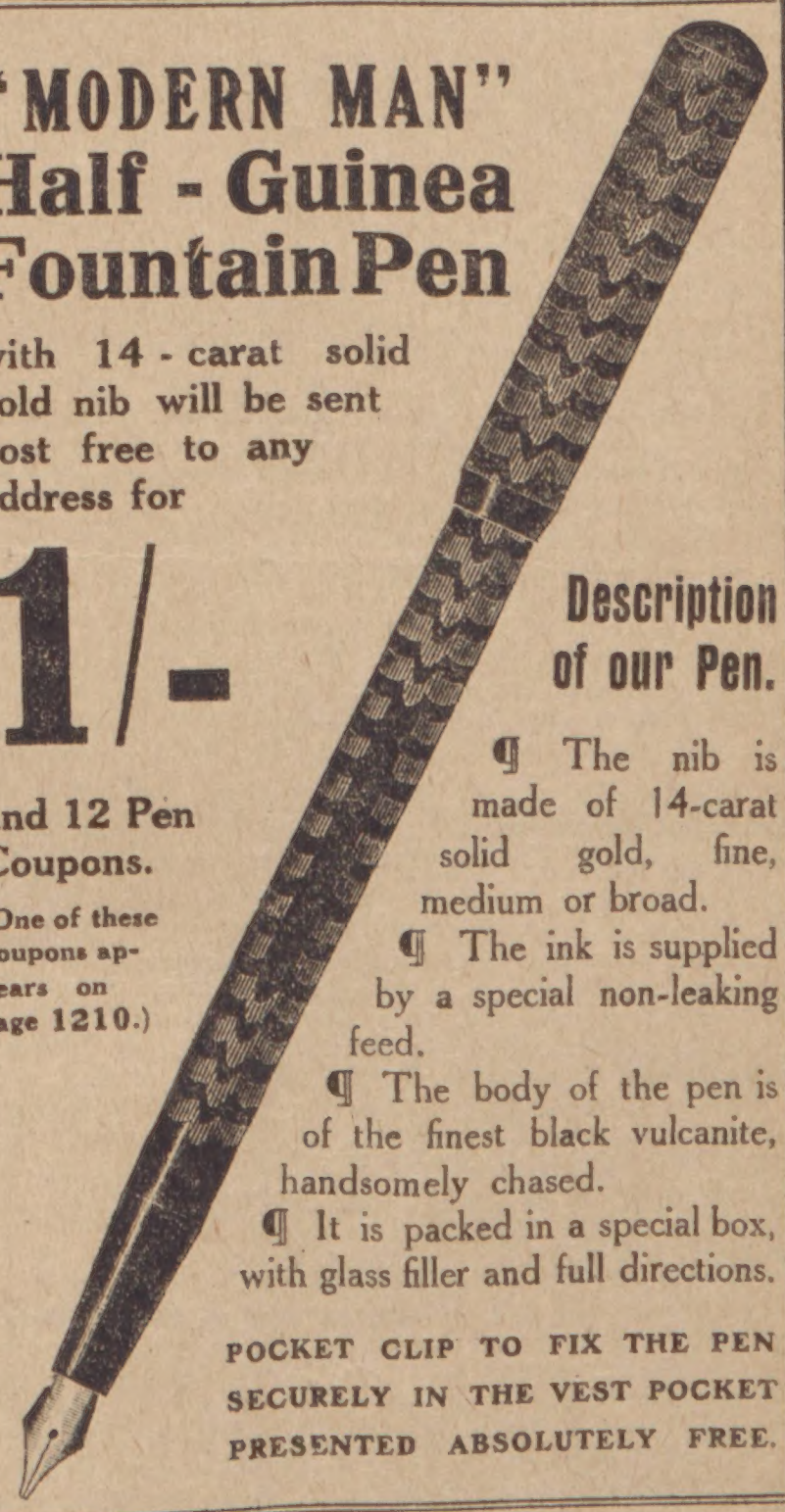

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When you have collected your 12 Pen Coupons, send them along with a postal order for 1s. to "Fountain Pen," MODERN MAN Offices, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, and your pen will immediately be sent to you.

THE WEEK'S RACING.

TIPS FOR THE BANK HOLIDAY MEETINGS.

By THE "OLD HAND."

The Racing Editor had the pleasure last week of putting some two hundred subscribers to our little wire service on a winner in the Stewards' Cup, not in that he sent the winner of the race, but that his advice was profitable. The horse he sent was Uncle Pat "each way." The charge for this service, overnight and day, is 5s. weekly, or 1s. for a single message.

Can Lomond "come back," or, in other words, will Mr. Hulton's colt be thoroughly racing-fit on St. Leger day? That is a question that racing men have to conjure with between now and the day of the great race on the Town Moor at Doncaster.

Fortunately the fear that the colt was finished with racing has proved to be groundless, and we may yet see the assertion that our three-year-olds are but moderate prove to be just as barren.

A Great Performance.

For a horse that has been laid by for a couple of months, and only partially trained, to come out and literally lose one that ran second in the Derby, is, to say the least, a great performance.

When I say only partially trained, I mean it in the true sense of the word, for on looks alone he could not have been backed to beat a 'bus horse, and yet Wootton was very confident that his charge would beat Jaeger.

The latter is by no means a classic horse, as we reckon classics, but nevertheless he is distinctly useful, and yet Lomond just played with him. It was against Mr. Neuman's colt that he became excited and collided with the rails after getting rid of his jockey, in addition to which he had to allow 10lbs., but had nothing of the sort occurred, and the horses run at level weights, Lomond would have beaten him just as easily.

The Epsom Crack.

We are promised another view of the Epsom crack this week at Brighton, when a better opinion can be formed as to whether he will progress well enough to be at his best in September. His task at the seaside town is an altogether different proposition to that accomplished at Hurst Park. and seeing that he cannot possibly be properly wound up, he will be taking on a big thing in attempting to concede 10lbs. to the "cock o' th' North"—Etheric.

For some reason or other the Middleham colt did not run up to his true form at Ascot, but he made ample amends when coming out at Newcastle, where he wiped up Long Set and a few others.

Distance Advantage.

On the face of it, it would seem that all the disadvantage lays with Lomond, but there is a bit of a set-off for him in that Etheric is not exactly suited to a downhill course, whilst it will be favourable to the son of Desmond. One other point in favour of Lomond is the distance of the race. I think the ten furlongs will suit him much better than it will the northern colt, who has only once raced over more than a mile, when he beat nothing to speak of. Nevertheless, it is sure to be an interesting race, in which, provided nothing untoward occurs, I am prepared to see

LOMOND

victorious. If my prediction proves to be correct, we shall then have to seriously consider his chance in the St. Leger, but I will leave that subject now, and get on with the more important business of trying to find a winner or two for Bank Holiday punters.

We have the usual number of holiday week meetings this week, and racing men all over the country are well catered for.

Selections :—

SANDOWN PARK—Monday.

North Surrey Handicap: LONDERRY.
Lubbock Handicap: BEAU BOIS.
August Three-Year-Old Handicap: GIRL OF THE WEST
Selling High-Weight Handicap: COURTEOUS LAD.
Holiday T.Y.O. Stakes: EASTERN ROSE.

BIRMINGHAM—Monday.

Holiday Handicap Plate: THE CLOUD.
Ruckley Plate: DENNERY.
Aston Selling Handicap: LANCASTRIAN.

BIRMINGHAM—Tuesday

Birmingham Handicap: ROYAL TENDER.
August Plate: CHANTEUR.
Sutton Selling Handicap: SUNCLOUD.

RIPON—Monday.

Great St. Wilfrid Handicap: CAPITULATION.
Yorkshire Welter Selling Handicap: PRINCE RONALD.
Bondgate Handicap Plate: SLASH LANE.

RIPON—Tuesday.

Grand Stand Handicap Plate: EARLY HOPE.
Ripon City Welter Handicap: MARCO BOZZARIS.

BRIGHTON—Tuesday.

Brighton Stakes: ST. GIRONS.
Marine Plate: DUKE OF PADUA.

BRIGHTON—Wednesday.

Berwick Welter Handicap: SEATON DELAVAL.

There are a couple of jumping meetings early in week, and jumping is a game to which I am more par than the summer sport. Some of the following may wi

HOOTON PARK—Monday.

Hooton Handicap 'Chase: BOROUGH MARSH.
Rossmore Handicap Hurdle Race: ETRICK.
Holida- Selling Handicap 'Chase: CASTLEMAHON.
August Selling Hurdle Race: WESTRAY.

NEWTON ABBOT—Monday.

Stover Handicap Hurdle Race: TIP AND RUN.
Holiday Handicap 'Chase: SPINNING COIN.
Selling Handicap Hurdle Race: LITTLE GARSTON.

NEWTON ABBOT—Tuesday.

Teignbridge Handicap 'Chase: BRIGHT PARK.
Kingsteignton Handicap Hurdle Race: PORT MEADOW.

It is not often that I advise a horse should be followed, I am making a departure this week in order to tell readers to keep an eye on

BUTCHER BIRD

and back him whenever he is entered in a race wherein appears to hold a chance.

Jack Johnson has refused to fight with Joe Jeannette in ten-round bout, although he has been guaranteed £4,000.

Jeannette's supporters declare that Johnson is afraid will be beaten.

* * *

A cricket match between two veteran cricketers ag seventy-three and sixty-three caused considerable amuseme at Thaxted (Essex) Recreation Ground. The feature of t match was that each man had to be his own bowler a fieldsman, and no byes were counted. The elder man w the game by 11 runs.

THE OUTER MAN.

By CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

THE KING'S "UNDRESS."

Recently I remarked on the King's predilection for a frock coat on all ceremonial occasions when he is not in naval or military uniform.

What is His Majesty's taste in lounge suits? He has a decided liking for grey.

At Henley, for example, the King wore a dark grey striped flannel suit, while during his industrial tour in the North he usually appeared in light grey tweeds, the waistcoat having a pretty wide opening.

With his flannel suit the King wore a "Trilby" straw hat, but when in tweeds he stuck to a black bowler, and wore a white shirt, and white spats over black shoes.

His tweed trousers were not creased down the front, were cut rather wide, and were not turned up at the bottoms, so that but little of the spats was visible.

A WAISTCOAT QUESTION.

"Andrew" (Oldham) would like to know what colour of fancy waistcoat would go well with a dark grey suit, rough material?

He suggests a slate-coloured one, not very light, and I agree with him that it would look well.

A single-breasted white waistcoat would also look smart. In fact any waistcoat with a white background, and a quiet spot or stripe, would go well with dark grey tweeds.

A dark crimson tie with a plain gold scarf ring would, I think, be effective with such a combination.

SLOPPY SOCKS.

"S.S." (London, N.W.) wants to know where it is possible to obtain socks that will keep up without the aid of suspenders?

Frankly, I don't know. Now and then you may be lucky enough to get a pair of readymade socks that will keep up without being chained to the calf, but if you want properly fitting socks you must have them made to measure and hand-knitted.

I have some woollen socks that were made for me by an old family servant.

Although woollen they are as soft and elastic as silk, and I never need to wear suspenders with them, even when golfing or taking a long walk.

My advice to "S.S." therefore is to have his socks made to measure, and by hand.

OLD CLO'.

My next correspondent, "A.G." of Orpington, wants to know where he can dispose of some old clothes?

I have never tried to sell old clothes since an infamous ruffian offered me half a crown for a frock coat that had cost six guineas, and was in a very fair condition. I prefer to send my "rags" to the Salvation Army or some similar institution.

However, if my Orpington friend is really set on selling his old clothes his best chance of obtaining a decent price would be to advertise in our "Sale and Exchange" columns.

SUNDAY SUPPER.

J.F.D. (Reading) has got to know a family and has been invited to drop in to supper on Sunday a week or two hence. He asks whether it is necessary for him to wear a frock or morning coat? No, not at all. He may wear either frock or morning coat if he likes, but Sunday supper being distinctly an informal meal he would be better dressed in blue serge or dark grey or other sober-hued tweeds.

Blue serge is the best wear for all non-evening-dress entertainments. A coloured shirt may be worn, but a white one is to be preferred.

FLANNEL JACKETS.

Coloured flannel jackets with white drill or flannel trousers are the correct holiday wear this season.

Blue or grey are the popular colours for the jacket, but the blue is perhaps getting a little common.

I have seen one or two brown flannel jackets, and can recommend them as looking smart, and as making a pleasing change from the commoner colours.

The flannel jacket may be either single or double-breasted, but my own preference is for the reefer pattern.

Gilt buttons are largely worn with these flannel jackets, but personally I think they are an abomination, and painfully suggestive of a seaside troubadour.

GHOSTS OF THE SEA.

The number of phantom ships that ride the storms is legion. Several of the vessels which were wrecked in close proximity to the scene of the Titanic disaster are even said to reappear in the same spot on certain occasions. The Packet Light is one of these, and the story runs that whenever a storm is threatened a ball of fire emerges from the spot where the ship sank, which presently forms itself into the shape of a vessel and then sinks and disappears.

King George V. and his brother, the late Duke of Clarence, when on their cruise in the Bacchante from 1879 to 1882, are stated to have seen the phantom of the Flying Dutchman, and the Duke mentioned the fact in his diary under date of July 11th, 1881.

A three-masted frigate is said to haunt the English Channel in the vicinity of the Ower Lightship whenever a gale or snowstorm is threatened. Hundreds of people have declared that they have seen the apparition and heard the cries of the ghostly passengers. It is sometimes said to be the phantom of the training ship Eurydice, which went down off the Isle of Wight on March 24th, 1878, involving the loss of about two hundred lives.

Passengers' Mysterious Disappearance.

There are a host of vessels which have not been heard of since they sailed, but one of the most marvellous stories concerns the Marie Celeste, a French passenger sailing ship. She was sighted by the British ship "Highlander" on October 4th, 1875, and in reply to the signals gave the answer "All's well." Two days later when sighted she did not reply. She was boarded, but not a living or dead person was found on board. Everything was in perfect order, luncheon was laid in the saloon, the personal belongings of the passengers and crew were intact, and a bottle of medicine was found upright on the captain's locker. The log had been kept down to the previous day, but there was no entry to account for the mysterious disappearance of all on board. Nothing was heard afterwards of any of the passengers and crew.

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